

Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Money
and the Movies

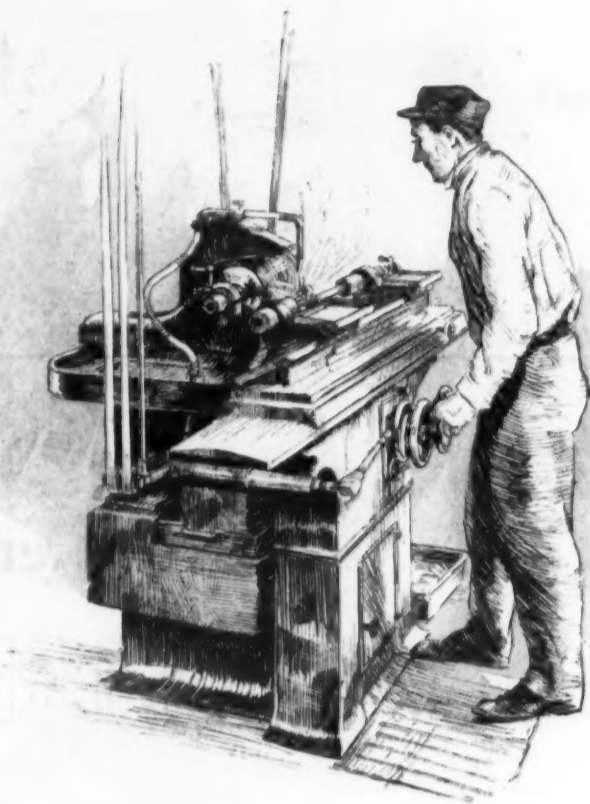
By Isaac F. Marcossan

A Cure for
Lumbago

By Charles F. Van Loan

Michigan
Meanderings

By Julian Street



MASTER CRAFTSMEN HAVE A PROFOUND RESPECT FOR WORK DONE THOROUGHLY; THEY DELIGHT IN A TASK FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

To make things free from error or defect is their purpose; and to this end they create tools to overcome man's limitations.

Scientifically hardened and accurately ground parts are essential for long life and absence of friction in an automobile. Every part must fit just so—neither too tight nor too loose. The “shades of dimensions” necessary to obtain this exactness of fit can only be attained by careful grinding of the various parts.

In the Hyatt Factories whole floors are filled with batteries of the special grinding machines, and the component parts of Hyatt Quiet Bearings are each subjected to different grinding operations before they are finally inspected and assembled into a complete bearing.

This extreme accuracy in manufacturing, results in the long service and quiet operation of Hyatt Roller Bearings.

“HYATT QUIET BEARINGS”

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Detroit Newark, N. J. Chicago

ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST



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Studebaker roadability goes clear back to the sampling and testing and heat treating of Studebaker steels—long before the car is built.

But the result is made perfectly plain the first time you take a ride, in the wonderful way it holds the road.

You realize in that very first ride that the Studebaker laboratory has not labored in vain.

As the beautiful balance of the car reveals itself, you know that the chemical, metallurgical, and physi-

cal tests, have accomplished their purpose.

And, in due time, the longer life and the lesser cost demonstrate beyond a doubt, that more than a hundred Studebaker heat treating processes have increased the value of its steels, far beyond the ordinary standards.

Studebaker is committed to the principle of a "Six" manufactured by themselves in all essential parts, except a few patented specialties and some equipment.

Studebaker believes that the ease, the long life, the balance, the roadability of a motor car is in direct relation to the proportion of closely manufactured parts produced by the maker of the car himself.

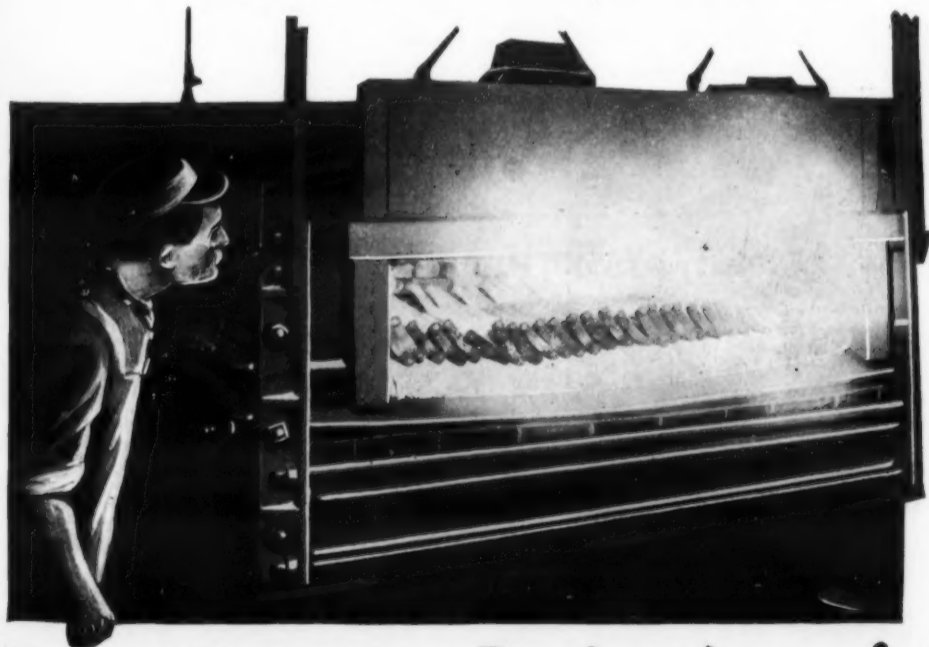
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The Studebaker Proof Book describes and pictures the scientific manufacturing operation of Studebaker. Send for it.

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Detroit

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SIX Touring Car	1575
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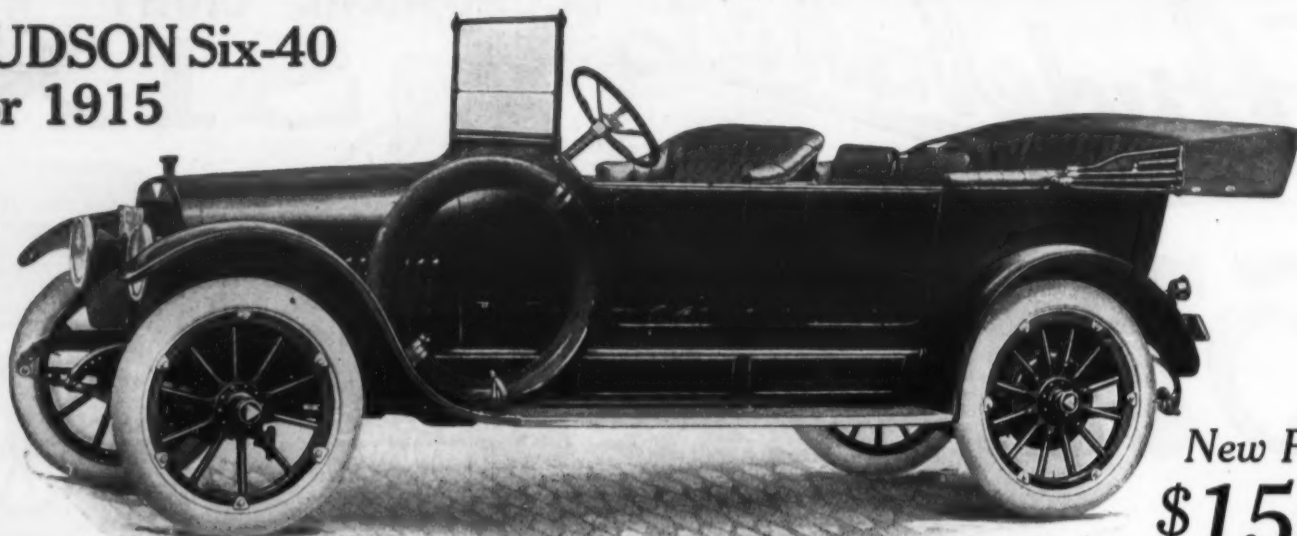
F. O. B. Walkerville

FOUR Touring Car	\$1375
SIX Touring Car	1975
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SIX Sedan	2950

Canadian Factory: Walkerville, Ont.

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New Price
\$1550

The New Criterion

In the HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 we present a new standard for quality cars.

Go see how other cars measure up to it.

Here are new attainments in lightness, in beauty, in utter refinement. Here are new comforts, new conveniences. Here is new economy in operative cost.

And here, above all, is a new quality price. Howard E. Coffin's finest production—the finished model of his ideal Six—is sold for \$1,550.

It will force revision in the ideas of what high-grade cars should cost.

Every detail of this car conforms with HUDSON standards. And no man thinks those standards would be compromised for price.

Our 48 engineers, including Mr. Coffin, have devoted four years to this model. They have given one year—the year just passed—to nothing but final refinements. It is hardly probable that other men in other cars excel them. If not, our price is the proper cost today for motor car perfection.

It will alter old-time ideas of what stanch cars need to weigh.

Good engineers never sacrifice strength to lightness. They use Aluminum in place of iron. They use drop forgings in place of castings. They use finer grades of steel. They employ better designing. One example in the HUDSON is our tubular propeller shaft.

The new HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,890 pounds. You used to expect at least 4,000 pounds in a 7-passenger car. We have saved that difference—the weight of seven adults—by sheer good engineering. It means immense saving in fuel and tire cost. And the thousands of light cars we sent out last year proved the ample strength of every part.

It fixes new economy standards.

In the HUDSON Six-40 we adapt from Europe a new-type small-bore motor. It immensely reduces operative cost. That motor in this light-weight car has increased miles-per-gallon about 30 per cent for cars of this capacity.

It establishes a new ideal of a handsome, distinguished and well-equipped car.

The HUDSON Six-40 looks the jewel among cars. Its lines are artistic, its finish superb. Our whole engineering corps spent all last year on just the final touches. Every detail shows a master hand. And, in some respects, no other car on the market is so perfectly equipped.

How We Saved You \$200

The last HUDSON Six-40 sold for \$1,750—a record for this-class car. The new model brings out 31 improvements—some costly, all important. Yet this year's price is \$200 less.

That is due to the car's popularity. Last season men over-bought our out-put by 3,000 cars. For 1915 we have trebled our capacity, and the saving is deducted from our price.

HUDSON cars are not built to a price. Could we build better in any respect we would do so. But we don't quote an over-price just to prove class.

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Artistic streamline body.
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Invisible hinges.
Gasoline tank in dash.
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Finest body finish.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
"One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Dimming searchlights.
Simplified Delco starting, lighting and ignition system.
Wires in metal conduits.
Locked ignition and lights.
Speedometer drive on transmission.
Automatic spark advance.
New-method carburetion.
Trunk rack on back.
Horn button in wheel.
Weight, 2,890 pounds.

Go measure up this model. We consider it America's representative car—the model for coming types. And we are sure that most men will agree with us.

Phaeton, seating up to 7 passengers, \$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit. Standard Roadster, same price.

New Hudson Six-54

We build this same new model with a larger motor and a 135-inch wheelbase. It is a big, impressive and powerful car, and the price is \$2,350.

Hudson dealers everywhere now show these latest models. Our new catalog on request.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8077 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post
Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
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A Cure for Lumbago

COLONEL JIMMY threatens to resign from the club. He says it was sharp practice. Archie MacEride says it wasn't half as sharp as the lumbago trick which the Colonel worked on him as well as several of the

other young members. Colonel Jimmy Norman is one of the charter members of our golf club. He is about as old as Methuselah and he looks it. That is what fools people. It doesn't fool the handicap committee, though. They've got the Colonel down to 8 now and he hasn't entered a club competition since for fear they'll cut him to 6. Respect for age is a fine thing, I admit, but anybody who can step out and tear off 79's and 80's on the Meadowmead course—72 par and a tough 72 at that—isn't entitled to much the best of it because he can remember the Civil War and cast his first vote for Tilden.

Mind you, I don't say that Colonel Jimmy shoots 79's every day, but he shoots 'em when he needs 79's to win, and that's the mark of a real golfer. And bet? The old pirate will bet anything from a repainted golf ball to a government bond. He has never been known to take his clubs out of the locker without a gamble of some sort. The new members pay all the expenses of Colonel Jimmy's golfing, as well as the upkeep of his limousine—the old members are shy of him—and the way he can nurse a victim along for months without letting him win a single bet is nothing short of miraculous. I ought to know, for I am one of Colonel Jimmy's graduates, and, while I never beat him in my life, he always left me with the impression that I would surely rock him the next time—if I had any luck. Somehow I never had the luck.

Colonel Jimmy has the gentle art of coin separation down to an exact science. Perhaps this is because he made his money in Wall Street and applies Wall Street methods to his golf. After every match he waits around until he collects. He always apologizes for taking the money and says that he hopes you'll be on your game the next time.

THE Colonel is a shrewd judge of how far he can go in shearing a lamb, and when he sees signs that the victim is getting bare in spots and is about ready to stop betting with him, he cleans up all the spare fleece with the lumbago trick. I'll never forget how he worked it on me. I had been betting him five and ten dollars a match and winning nothing but sympathy and advice and I was about ready to quit the Colonel as a poor investment.

The next time I went out to the club I found Colonel Jimmy sitting on the porch in the sun and I heard him groan even before I saw him. Naturally I asked what was the matter.

"Oh, it's this cursed lumbago again! I must have caught cold after my shower the other night and—ouch!—just when I'd been looking forward to a nice little game this afternoon, too! It's a real pleasure to play with a young man like you who—ouch! O-o-o!"

After a while he began to wonder whether light exercise would do him any good. I thought it might and he let me persuade him. If I would give him my arm as far as his locker—ouch!

All the time he was dressing he grunted and groaned and rubbed his back and cursed the lumbago bitterly. He said it was the one thing the devil didn't try on Job because it would have fetched him if he had. He worried some because he would have to drive with an iron, not being able to take a full swing with a wooden club. Then when he had me all ribbed up properly, he dropped a hint where I couldn't help but stumble over it.

"You have always named the bet," said Colonel Jimmy. "Don't take ad-

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

vantage of my condition to raise it beyond reason."

Up to that time the idea of making a bet with a cripple hadn't occurred to me. It wouldn't have seemed fair. I got to thinking about the fives and

tens that the old rascal had taken away from me when the advantage was all on his side and—

"I suppose I shouldn't expect mercy," said Colonel Jimmy, fitting his remarks to my thought like a mind reader. "I have been quite fortunate in winning from you, William, when you were not playing your best. This seems an excellent opportunity for you to take revenge. This cursed lumbago—"

The match was finally made at five dollars a hole, and if I hadn't been ashamed of taking advantage of a cripple I would have said ten.

Colonel Jimmy whined a little and said that in his condition it was almost a shame for me to raise the bet to five dollars a hole and that he couldn't possibly allow me any more than five strokes where before he had been giving me eight and ten. He said he probably wouldn't get any distance off the tees on account of not being able to take a full swing, and I agreed on the basis of five strokes, one each on the five longest holes.

I went out to the professional's shop to buy some new balls. David Cameron is a good club maker, but a disappointing conversationalist. He says just so much, and then he stops and rubs his left ear. I told David that I had caught Colonel Jimmy out of line at last and would bring him home at least six or seven down.

"Ay," said David. "He'll be havin' one of his attacks of the lumbago again, I'm thinkin'. Ye've raised the bet?"

I ADMITTED that the bet had been pressed a little.

"Ye're not gettin' as many str-rokes as usual?"

I explained about the Colonel's not being able to take a full swing with his wooden clubs.

"Ay," said David, beginning to polish his left ear.

"I wish you'd tell me what you think," said I.

"I'm thinkin'," said David, "that ye'll not have noticed that the climate hereabouts is varra benefecial to certain for-rms o' disease. I've known it to cure the worst case o' lumbago between the clubhouse an' the fir-rst tee. The day o' meercles is not past by any means," concluded David, rubbing his ear hard.

I suspected then that I had a bad bet. I was sure of it when I saw Colonel Jimmy pulling his driver out of the bag on the first tee.

"I thought you said you'd have to drive with an iron." I reminded him of it anyway.

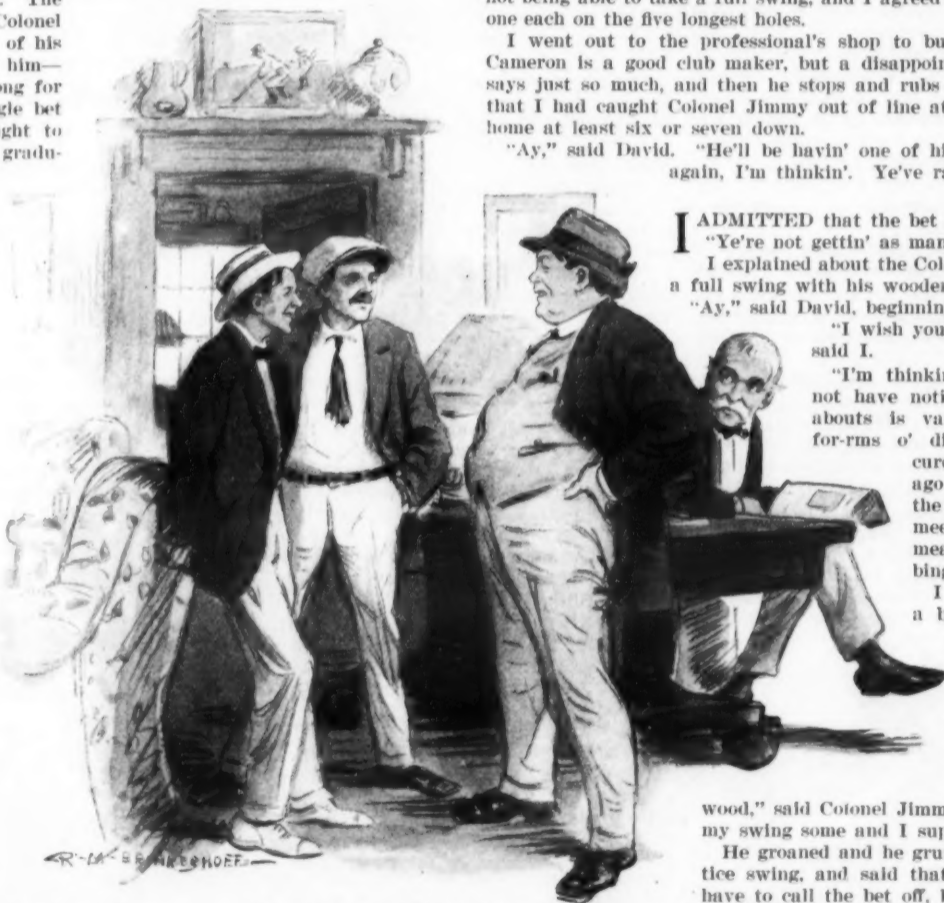
"I might as well try the wood," said Colonel Jimmy. "I'll have to shorten up my swing some and I suppose I'll top the ball."

He groaned and he grunted when he took his practice swing, and said that he was really afraid he'd have to call the bet off, but when he hit the ball he followed through like a sixteen-year-old, and it went sailing down the middle of the course, a good 200 yards—which is as far as Colonel Jimmy ever drives.

"Well, I'll declare!" he crowed. "Look at that ball go! I had no idea I could do it! And with this lumbago too!"

There's no use in prolonging the agony with a detailed account of the match. The old shark was out for the fag end of the fleece crop so far as I was concerned, and he surely gave me a close clip. He made a 79 that day and I had to hand him my check for forty dollars. It might not have been so much, only on every tee the Colonel whined about his lumbago and got me in such a state of mind that I couldn't keep my eye on the ball to save my life.

When we got back to the clubhouse, David Cameron was sitting in the door of his shop, rubbing his left ear thoughtfully. He knew it wouldn't have been safe for him to ask about the match. Colonel Jimmy, confound him, blatted right along, apologizing to me for playing "better than he knew how" and all that sort



"Yeh," said Small, "and while I'm resting I think I'll learn this fool game of golf." Colonel Jimmy was sitting over by the reading table and I saw him prick up his ears at this remark

of rot. He said he hoped we could have another match soon, and perhaps I was a little crusty with him. At any rate he was satisfied that my forty-dollar check was the last contribution he would ever get from me, and he took up with Archie MacBride, who had just joined the club and was learning the game.

Archie hails from out West somewhere and he has the Eastern agency for a lot of stuff manufactured in Chicago. In the beginning he didn't know any of the younger members at Meadowmead and that made it easy for the Colonel to take him under his wing. The old rascal has rather a pleasant manner—in the clubhouse at least—and he talked Chicago to Archie—what a wonderful city it is and all that stuff. He talked the same way to me about Cincinnati.

I WATCHED the shearing proceed to the lumbago stage, but I didn't interfere. In the first place, it wasn't any of my business. In the second, I hadn't been introduced to MacBride. And, besides, I had a sort of curiosity to know how he would act when he was stung. He looked more like a goat than a lamb to me.

One day I was sitting on the porch and MacBride came out of the locker room and sat down beside me. Colonel Jimmy was over on the extra green, practicing sidehill putts. Somehow we drifted into conversation. "Did you ever play with that old fellow over there?" said he.

"A few times."

"Ever beat him?"

"No-o. Nor anybody else. His methods are—well, peculiar."

"Darned peculiar! I don't know but that the grand jury ought to investigate 'em. If you shoot '110 at him, he's just good enough to win. If you make a 90, he's still good enough to win. He's always good enough to win. The other day I came out here and found him all doubled up with—"

"Lumbago, wasn't it?"

MacBride held out his hand immediately.

"Both members of the same lodge!" said he. "I feel better now. He nicked me for an even hundred. What did he get you for?"

Nothing cements a friendship like a common grievance. We had both been rooked by the lumbago trick and we fell to discussing the Colonel and his petty larceny system of picking on the new members.

"Far be it that I should squeal," said Archie. "I hope I'm a good loser as far as the money goes, but I hate to be bunked. I handed over one hundred big iron dollars to that hoary old pirate—and I smiled when I did it. It hurt me worse to smile than it did to part with the frog skins, but I wanted the Colonel to think that I didn't suspect him. I want him to regard me as a soft proposition and an easy mark because some day I am going to leave a chunk of bait lying around where that old coyote can see it. If he gobbles it—good night. Yes, sir, I'm going to slip one over on him that he'll remember even when they begin giving him the oxygen."

"He'll never be trimmed on a golf course," said I.

"He'll never be trimmed anywhere else. It's the only game he plays. If he sticks around this club, I'll introduce him to the Chicago method of taking the bristles off a hog. I'm not sure, but I think it's done with a hoe."

"It can't be done with a set of golf clubs," said I.

"Don't be too sure of that. By the way, my name's MacBride. What's yours? . . . If you don't mind, I'll call you Bill for short. We will now visit the nineteenth tee and pour a libation on the altar of friendship. We will drink success to the Chicago method of shearing a hog. Simple, effective, and oh, so painful!"

COLONEL JIMMY picked up a new pupil after Archie quit him and Archie paired off with me. We played two or three times a week and often ran into the Colonel on the porch or in the locker

room. The old reprobate was always cordial in his cat-and-canary way—inferentially cordial. I couldn't resist the temptation to inquire after his lumbago occasionally, but it was next to impossible to hurt his feelings. The old fellow's hide was bullet proof and even the broadest sort of hint was lost on him. Archie was more tactful. He used to joke the Colonel about a return match, but he was never able to fix a date. The Colonel was busy anyway. His latest victim was a chinless youth from Poughkeepsie with money to burn and no fear of matches.

One afternoon Archie brought a friend out to the club with him—an immense big chap with hands and feet like hams. Everything about him was beyond the limit. He was too beefy to begin with, though I suppose that wasn't his fault. He wore a red tie and a yellow vest. He talked too much and too loud. Archie introduced him to me as Mr. Small of Chicago.

"Small but not little!" said Small. "Haw!"

"Mr. Small is an old friend of mine," said Archie. "He is taking a short vacation and I am putting him up at the club for a week or ten days. He doesn't look it, but his doctor says he needs exercise."

"Yeh," said Small, "and while I'm resting I think I'll learn this fool game of golf. Think of a big fellow like me, whaling a poor little pill all over the country! I suppose all there is to it is to hit the blamed thing."

COLONEL JIMMY was sitting over by the reading table and I saw him prick up his ears at this remark. He always manages to scrape an acquaintance with all the beginners.

Small went booming along.

"I can remember," said he, "when people who played golf were supposed to be a little queer upstairs. Cow-pasture pool, we used to call it. It's a good deal like shiny-on-your-own-side, ain't it?"

Archie took him out to David to get him outfitted with clubs and things, left Small in the shop, and came back to explain matters to me.

"You mustn't mind Small's manner," said he. "He's really one of the best fellows in the world, but he's—well, a trifle crude in spots. He's never had time to acquire a polish; he's been too busy making money."

"Excuse me"—Colonel Jimmy had been listening—"but is he in any way related to the Caspar Smalls of Chicago and Denver?"

"Not that I know of, Colonel," said Archie.

"You spoke of money," said I. "Has he so much of it, then?"

"Barrels, my dear boy, barrels. Crude oil is his line at present. And only thirty-five years of age too. He's a self-made man, Small is."

I couldn't think of anything to say except that he must have had a deuce of a lot of raw material to start with—and if I put the accent on the raw it was unintentional.

"Well," said Archie, "his heart is in the right place anyway."

When you can't think of anything else to say for a man, you can always say that his heart is in the right place. It sounds well, but it doesn't mean anything. Archie proposed that we should let Small go around with us that afternoon. I didn't like the idea, but, of course, I kept mum; the man was Archie's guest.

SMALL got in bad on the first tee. I knew he would when I saw who was ahead of us—Colonel Jimmy and the chinless boy. Like most elderly mechanical golfers, the Colonel is a stickler for the etiquette of the game—absolute silence and all that sort of thing.

Archie introduced Small to the Colonel and the Colonel introduced us to the chinless boy, who said he was charmed, stepped up on the tee and whacked his ball into the rough.

While the Colonel was teeing up, Small kept moving around and talking in that megaphone voice of his. Colonel Jimmy looked at him rather eloquently a couple of times and finally Small hushed up. The Colonel took his stance, tramped around awhile to get a firm footing, addressed the ball three times, and drew his club back for the swing. Just as it started downward, Small sneezed—one of those sneezes with an Indian war whoop on the end of it—"Aa-chew!" Naturally Colonel Jimmy jumped, took his eye off the ball and topped it into the long grass in front of the tee.

"Take it over," said the chinless boy, who was a sport if nothing else.

"I certainly intend to!" snapped the Colonel, glaring at Small. "You—your spoiled my swing, sir!"

"Quit your kidding, Colonel!" said Small. "How could I spoil your swing?"

"You sneezed behind me!"

SMALL laughed at the top of his voice. "Haw! Haw! That's rich! Why, I've seen Heinie Zimmerman hit a baseball a mile with thirty thousand people yelling their heads off at him!"

"You—you spoiled my swing, sir!" snapped the Colonel, glaring at Small. . . . Small laughed at the top of his voice

"Yes," said Archie, "but that was baseball. This is golf. There's a difference."

"You bet there is!" said Small. "A baseball player has to hit at a pill that's moving like a streak and not moving in a straight line either. Noise don't bother him a particle. In this game you jam a ball down onto a pile of sand where it can't possibly get away and bust it right on the nose. If somebody makes a noise you can have the shot over again. You bet there's a difference!"

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "when you are through with your discussion, I would really like to drive."

I PLAYED with Small all the afternoon without yielding to an impulse to slay him with a niblick, which speaks volumes for my good disposition. It was a harrowing experience. Small proceeded on the usual theory of the beginner, which is to hit the ball as hard as possible and trust to luck. The most I can say for his day's play is that I never expect to see golf balls hit any harder. His wooden club shots hooked and sliced into the woods on either side of the course—he bought a dozen balls to begin with and was borrowing from us at the finish—he dug up great patches of turf on the fair greens, he nearly destroyed three bunkers and after every shot he yelled like a Comanche.

We caught up with Colonel Jimmy at the eighteenth tee. The Colonel was in a better humor and was offering to give the chinless boy a stroke and play him double or quits on the last hole—sure proof that he had him badly licked. The chinless boy took him up.

"Now, there's some sense to that!" said Small. "I never could play any game for fun. Make it worth while, that's what I say! Archie, I'll bet you a hundred that I beat you this hole!"

Colonel Jimmy was picking up a handful of sand for a tee. He dropped it and began to clean his ball.

"I'd be ashamed to take the money," said Archie. "You wouldn't have a chance."

"You mean you're afraid to take one. Be a sport!"

"I am a sport. That's why I won't bet on a cluch." They had quite a jawing match and finally Archie said that he would bet Small ten dollars.

"Huh!" said Small. "I wouldn't exert myself for a measly ten spot. Make it twenty-five!"

"Well, if you insist," said Archie, "and I'll give you two strokes."

"You'll give me nothing!" said Small. "What do you think I am? I'll play you even and lick you." And he was so nasty about it that Archie had to agree.

THE Colonel turned around after he played his second shot to watch us drive. Small took a tremendous swing and hooked the ball over the fence and out of bounds. He borrowed another and sliced that one into the woods. When he finally sunk his putt—he took 17 for the hole and that wasn't counting the ones he missed—he dug up a wallet stuffed with currency and insisted on paying Archie on the spot.

"I don't feel right about taking this," said Archie.

"You won it, didn't you?" said Small. "If you had lost, would you have paid?"

"Ye-es," said Archie, "but—"

"But nothing! Take it and shut up!"

Colonel Jimmy, waiting on the porch, was an interested witness. In less than five minutes by the watch the chinless boy was sitting over in a corner, alone with a lemonade, and the Colonel had Small by the buttonhole, talking Chicago to him. I have always claimed that Colonel Jimmy has all the instincts of a wolf, but perhaps it is only his Wall Street training that makes him so keen when a lamb is in sight.

(Continued on page 22)



Michigan Meanderings

Chapter V of "Abroad at Home"

American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

IT WAS on a chilly morning, not much after eight o'clock, that we left Detroit. I recall that, driving trainward, I closed the window of the taxicab; that the marble waiting room of the new station looked uncomfortably half awake, like a sleeper who has kicked the bedclothes off, and that the concrete platform outside was a playground for cold, boisterous gusts of wind.

Our train had come from somewhere else. Entering the Pullman car, we found it in its nighttime aspect. The narrow aisle, made narrower by its shroud of long green curtains, and by shoes and suit cases standing beside the berths, looked cavernous and gloomy, reminding me of a great rock fissure, the entrance to a cave I had once seen. Like a cave, too, it was cold with a musty and oppressive cold; a cold which embalmed the mingling smells of sleep and sleeping car—an odor of Russia leather and banana peel ground into a damp pulp.

Morning in a Sleeper

SILENTLY, gloomily, without removing our overcoats or gloves, we seated ourselves, gingerly, upon the bright green plush of the section nearest to the door, and tried to read our morning papers. Presently the train started. A thin, sick-looking Pullman conductor came and took our tickets, saying as few words as possible. A porter, in his sooty canvas coat, sagged miserably down the aisle. Also a waiter from the dining car, announcing breakfast in a cheerless tone. . . . Breakfast! Who could think of breakfast in a place like that? . . . So, for a long time, we sat in somber silence, without interest in each other or in life.

To appreciate the full horror of a Pullman sleeping car it is not necessary to pass the night upon it; indeed, it is necessary *not* to. If you have slept in the car, or tried to sleep, you arise with blunted faculties—the night has mercifully anesthetized you against the scenes and smells of morning. But if you board the car as we did, coming into it awake and fresh from out of doors, while it is yet asleep—then, and then only, do you realize its enormous ghastliness.

Our first diversion came with a slight stirring of the curtains of the berth across the way. That gave us the faintest shadow of a speculative interest. For even in the most dismal sleeping car there is always the bare chance, when those green curtains stir, that the Queen of Sheba is all radiant within, and that she will presently appear, like sunrise.

The Hope That Springs Eternal

OVER our newspapers we watched, and every now and then our curiosity was plucked by further gentle stirrings of the curtain. And, of course, the longer we were forced to wait, the more hopeful we became. In a low voice I murmured to my companion the story of the glorious creature I had seen in a Pullman one morning long ago: how the curtains had stirred at first, even as these were stirring now; how they had at last been parted by a pair of rosy finger tips; how I had seen a lovely face emerge; how her two braids were wrapped about her classic head; how she had floated forth into the aisle, transforming the whole car; how she had wafted past me, a soft, sweet cloud of pink; how she— Then, just as I was getting to the interesting part of it, I stopped and caught my breath. The curtains were in final, violent commotion! . . . They were parting at the bottom! . . . Ah! Slowly, from between the long green folds, there appeared a foot. No filmy silken stocking covered it. It was a foot. There was an ankle, too—a small ankle. Indeed, it was so small as to be a misfit, for the foot was of stupendous size, and very knobby. Also it was cold; I knew that it was cold, just as I



"Can that stuff," admonished Miss Buck in her easy, offhand manner

knew that it was attached to the body of a man, and that I did not wish to see the rest of him. I turned my head and, gazing from the window, tried to concentrate my thoughts upon the larger aspects of the world outside, but the picture of that foot remained with me, dwarfing all other things.

I did not mean to look again; I was determined not to look. But at the sound of more activity across the way, my head was turned as by some outside force, and I did look, as one looks, against one's will, at some horror which has happened in the street.

He had come out. He was sitting upon the edge of his berth, bending over and snorting as he fumbled for his shoes upon the floor. Having secured them, he pulled them on with great contortions, emitting stertorous sounds. Then, in all the glory of his brown balbriggan undershirt, he stood up in the aisle. His face was fat and heavy, his eyes half closed, his hair in towseled disarray. His trousers sagged dismally about his hips, and his suspenders dangled down behind him like two feeble and insensate tails. After rolling his collar, necktie, shirt, and waistcoat into a mournful little bundle, he produced from inner recesses a few unpleasant toilet articles, and made off down the car—a spectacle compared with which a homely woman, her face anointed with cold cream, her hair done in kid curls, her robe a Canton-flannel nightgown, would appear alluring!

Never, since then, have I heard men jeering over women as they look in dishabille, without wondering if those same men have ever seen themselves clearly in the mirrored wash room of a sleeping car.

Small Cities with Large Reputations

ON THE railroad journey between Detroit and Battle Creek we passed two towns which have attained a fame entirely disproportionate to their size: Ann Arbor, with about fifteen thousand inhabitants, celebrated as a seat of learning; and Ypsilanti, with about six thousand, celebrated, so to speak, as a seat of underwear.

One expects an important college town to be well known, but a manufacturing town with but six thousand inhabitants must have done something in particular to have acquired national reputation. In the case of Ypsilanti it has been done by magazine advertising—the advertising of underwear. If you don't think so, look over the list of towns in the World Almanac. Have you, for example, ever heard of Anniston, Ala.? Or Argenta, Ark.? Either town is about twice the size of Ypsilanti. Have you ever heard of Cranston, R. I.; Butler, Pa., or Belleville, Ill.? Each is about as large as Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor put together.

Then there is Battle Creek.

Think of the amount of advertising that town has had! As Miss Daisy Buck, the lady who runs the news stand in the Battle Creek railroad station, said to us: "It's the best advertised little old town of its size in the whole United States." And now it is about to get some more.

In Battle Creek

WE WERE total strangers. We knew nothing of the place save that we had heard that it was full of health cranks and factories where breakfast foods, coffee substitutes, and kindred edibles and drinkables were made. How to

see the town and what to see we did not know. We hesitated in the depot

waiting room. Then fortune guided our footsteps to the station news stand and its genial and vivacious hostess. Yes, hostess is the word; Miss Buck is anything but a mere girl behind the counter. She is a reception committee, an information bureau, a guide, philosopher, and friend. Her kindly interest in the wayfarer seems to waft forth from the precincts of the news stand and permeate the station. All the boys know Miss Daisy Buck.

After purchasing some stamps and post cards as a means of getting into conversation with her, we asked about the town.

"How many people are there here?" I ventured.

"Thirty-five," replied Miss Buck.

"Thirty-five?" I repeated, astonished.

Though Miss Buck was momentarily engaged in selling chewing gum (to some one else), she found time to give me a mildly pitying look.

"Thousand," she added.

Past the Portals Into Main Street

THE World Almanac gives Battle Creek but twenty-five thousand population. That, however, is no reproach to Miss Buck; it is, upon the contrary, a reproach to the cold-hearted statisticians who compiled that book. And had they met Miss Buck I think they would have been more liberal.

"What is the best way for us to see the town?" I asked the lady.

She indicated a man who was sitting on a station bench near by, saying:

"He's a driver. He'll take you. He likes to ride around."

"Thanks," I replied, gallantly. "Any friend of yours—"

"Can that stuff," admonished Miss Buck in her easy, offhand manner.

I canned it, and engaged the driver. His vehicle was a typical town hack—a mud-colored chariot, having C springs, sunken cushions, and a strong smell of the stable. Riding in it, I could not rid myself of the idea that I was being driven to a country burial, and that hence, if I wished to smoke, I ought to do it surreptitiously.

Presently we swung into Main Street. I did, and



She was saying to herself (and to us through the window): "If I had played that hand, I never should have done it that way!"

ask the name of the street, but I am reasonably certain that is it. There was a policeman on the corner. Also, a building bearing the sign "Old National Bank." . . . Old! What a pleasant, mellow ring the word has! How fine, and philosophical, and prosperous, and hospitable it sounds. I stopped the carriage. Just out of sentiment I thought I would go in and have a check cashed. But they did not act hospitable at all. They refused to cash my check because they did not know me. Well, it was their loss! I had a little treat prepared for them. I meant to surprise them by making them realize suddenly that, in cashing the check, they were not merely obliging an obscure stranger but a famous literary man. I was going to pass the check through the window, saying modestly: "It may interest you to know whose check you have the honor of handling." Then they would read the name, and I could picture their excitement as they exclaimed and showed the check around the bank so that the clerks could see it. The only trouble I foresaw, on that score, was that probably they had not ever heard of me. But I was going to obviate that. I intended to sign the check "Rudyard Kipling." That would have given them something to think about! But, as I have said, the transaction never got that far.

Drink Kaffir Tea—the Flavor Lasts!

THE principal street of Battle Creek may be without amazing architectural beauty, but it is at least well lighted. On either curb is a row of "boulevard lights," the posts set fifty feet apart. They are good-looking posts, too, of simple, graceful design, each surmounted by a cluster of five white globes. This admirable system of lighting is in very general use throughout all parts of the country excepting the East. It is used in all the Michigan cities I visited. I have been told that it was first installed in Minneapolis, but wherever it originated, it is one of a long list of things the East may learn from the West.

After driving about for a time we drew up. Looking out, I came to the conclusion that we had returned again to the railway station.

It was a station, but not the same one.

"This is the Grand Trunk Deepo," said the driver, opening the carriage door.

"I don't believe we'll bother to get out," I said.

But the driver wanted us to.

"You ought to look at it," he insisted. "It's a very pretty station."

So we got out and looked at it, and were glad we did, for the driver was quite right. It was an unusually pretty station—a station superior to the other in all respects but one: It contained no Miss Daisy Buck.

After some further driving, we returned to the station where she was.

"I suppose we had better go to the Sanitarium for lunch?" I asked her.

"Not on your life," she replied. "If you go to the 'San,' you won't feel like you'd had anything to eat—that is, not if you're good feeders."

"Where else is there to go?" I asked.

"The Tavern," she advised. "You'll get a first-class dinner there. You might have larger hotels in New York, but you haven't got any that's more homelike. At least, that's what I hear. I never was in New York myself, but I get the dope from the traveling men."

However, not for epicurean reasons, but because of curiosity, we wished to try a meal at the Sanitarium.

Thither we drove in the hack, passing on our way the office of the "Good Health Publishing Company" and a small building bearing the sign, "The Coffee Parlor"—which may signify a Battle Creek substitute for a saloon. I do not know how coffee drinkers are regarded in that town, but I do know that, while there, I got neither tea nor coffee—unless "Postum" be coffee and "Kaffir Tea" be tea. It was at the Sanitarium that I drank Kaffir Tea. I had it with my lunch. It looks like tea, and would probably taste like it, too, if they didn't let the Kaffirs steep so long. But they should use only fresh, young, tender Kaffirs; the old ones get too strong; they have too much bouquet. The one they used in my tea may have been slightly spoiled. I tasted him all afternoon.

A Busy Day at the "San"

THE "San" is an enormous brick building like a vast summer hotel. It has an office which is utterly hotellike, too, even to the chairs, scattered about, and the people sitting in them. Many of the people look perfectly well. Indeed, I saw one young woman who looked so well that I couldn't take my eyes off from her while she remained in view. She was in the elevator when we went up to lunch. She looked at me with a speculative eye—a most engaging eye. It was—as though saying to herself: "Now there's a promising young man. I might make it interesting for him if he would stay here for a while. But of course he'd have to show me a physician's certificate stating that he was not subject to fits." My companion said that she looked at him a long while, too, but I doubt that. He was always claiming that they looked at him.

The people who run the Sanitarium are Seventh-Day Adventists, and as we arrived on Saturday it was the Sabbath there—a rather busy day. I take it, from the bulletin which was printed upon the backs of the dinner menu:

7.20 a. m. Morning Worship in the Parlor.

7.40 to 8.40 a. m. BREAKFAST.

9.45 a. m. Sabbath School in the Chapel.

11 a. m. Preaching Service in the Chapel.

12.30 to 2 p. m. DINNER.

3.30 p. m. Missionary talk.

5.30 to 6 p. m. Cashier's office open.

6 to 6.45 p. m. SUPPER.

6.45 p. m. March for guests and patients only.

8 p. m. In the Gymnasium. Basket Ball Game. Admission 25 cents.

No food to be taken from the Dining Room.

Dallying with the Nuttolene

THE last injunction was not disobeyed by us. We ate enough to satisfy our curiosity, and what we did not eat we left.

The menu at the Sanitarium is a curious thing. After each item are figures showing the proportion of

Proteins, Fats, and Carbohydrates contained in that article of food. Everything is weighed out exactly. There was no meat on the bill of fare, but substitutes were provided in the list of entrees: "Protose with Mayonnaise Dressing," "Nuttolene with Cranberry Sauce," and "Walnut Roast."

Suppose you had to decide between those three, which would you take?

My companion took "Protose," while I elected for some reason to dally with the "Nuttolene." Then, neither of us liking what we got, we both tried "Walnut Roast." Even then we would not give up. I ordered a little "Malt Honey," while my companion called for a baked potato, saying: "I know what a potato is, anyhow!"

After that we had a little "Toasted Granose" and "Good Health Biscuit," washed down in my case by a gulp or two of "Kaffir Tea," and in his by "Hot Malted Nuts." I tried to get him to take "Kaffir Tea" with me, but, being to leeward of my cup, he declined. As nearly as we could figure it out afterward, he was far ahead of me in Proteins and

Fats, but I was infinitely richer in Carbohydrates. In our indigestions we stood absolutely even.

There are some very striking things about the Sanitarium. It is a great headquarters for Health Congresses, Race Betterment Congresses, etc., and at these congresses strange theories are frequently put forth. At one of them, recently held, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, head of the Sanitarium, read a paper in which, according to newspaper reports, he advocated "human stock shows," with blue ribbons for the most perfectly developed men and women. At the same meeting a Mrs. Holcome charged that: "Cigarette-smoking heroes in the modern magazine are, I believe, inserted into the stories by the editors of publications controlled by the big interests."

To this Mr. S. S. McClure, the publisher, replied: "I have never inserted cigarettes in heroes' mouths. I have taken them out lots of times. But generally the authors use a pipe for their heroes."

There was talk, too, about "eugenic weddings." And a sensation was caused when a Southern college professor made a charge that graduates of modern women's colleges are unfitted for motherhood. This statement, it may be added, was vigorously denied by the heads of several leading women's colleges.

Rather wild, some of this, it seems to me. But when people gather together in one place, intent on some one subject, wildness is almost certain to develop. One feels, in visiting the Sanitarium, that, though many people may be restored to health there, there is yet an air of mild fanaticism over all. Health fanaticism. The passionate light of the health hunt flashes in the stranger's eye as he looks at you and wonders what is wrong with you. And whatever may be wrong with you, or with him, you are both there to shake it off. That is your sole business in life. You are going to get over it, even if you have to live for weeks on "Nuttolene" or other products of the diet kitchen.

Nuttolene as a Diet of Penance

"NUTTOLENE!" . . . It is always an experience for the sophisticated palate to meet a brand-new taste. In "Nuttolene" my palate encountered one, and before dinner was over it met several more.

"Nuttolene" is served in a slab, resembling, as nearly as anything I can think of, a good-sized piece of shoemaker's wax. In flavor it is confusing. Some faint taste about it hinted that it was intended to resemble turkey; an impression furthered by the fact that cranberry sauce was served on the same plate. But what it was made of I could not detect. It was not unpleasant to the taste, nor yet did I find it appetizing. Rather, I should classify it in the broad category of uninteresting food. However, after such a statement, it is but fair to add that the food I find most interesting is almost always rich and indigestible. Perhaps, therefore, I shall be obliged to go to Battle Creek some day, to subsist on "Nuttolene" and kindred substances as penance for my gastronomic indiscretions. Better men than I have done that thing—men and women from all over the globe. And Battle Creek has benefited them. Nevertheless, I hope that I shall never have to go there. My feeling about the place, quite without regard to the cures which it effects, is much like that of my companion:

At luncheon I asked him to save his menu for me, so that I might have the data for this article. He put it in his pocket. But he kept pulling it out again, every little while, and suggesting that I copy it all off into my notebook.

Finally I said to him: "What is the use in my copying all that stuff when you have it right there in print? Just keep it for me. Then, when I get to writing, I will take it and use what I want."

"But I'd rather not keep it," he insisted.

"Why not?"

"Well, there might be a railroad wreck. I don't want this thing to be found on me. When they went through my clothes and ran across this they'd say: 'Oh, this doesn't matter. It's all right. He's just some poor boob that's been to Battle Creek.'"

When we got out of the hack at the station before leaving Battle Creek, I asked the hackman how the town got its name. He didn't know. So, after buying the tickets, I went and

(Continued on page 28)



Never, since then, have I heard men jeering over women as they look in dishabille, without wondering if those same men have ever seen themselves clearly in the mirrored wash room of a sleeping car

When we got out of the hack at the station before leaving Battle Creek, I asked the hackman how the town got its name. He didn't know. So, after buying the tickets, I went and



"They'll eat 'em all, I know they'll eat 'em all!"

Bealby

Startling News—Chapter V

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

TUESDAY was not so happy a day for Bealby as Monday. Its shadows began when Mrs. Bowles asked him in a friendly tone when it was clean-collar day. He was unready with his answer.

"And don't you ever use a hairbrush, Dick?" she asked. "I'm sure now there's one in your parcel."

"I do use it *sometimes*, mum," he admitted.

"And I've never detected you with a toothbrush yet. Though that perhaps is extreme. And Dick—soap? I think you'd better be letting me give you a cake of soap."

"I'd be very much obliged, mum."

"I hardly dare hint, Dick, at a clean handkerchief. Such things are known."

"If you wouldn't mind—when I've got the breakfast things done, mum..."

The thing worried him all through breakfast. He had not expected personalities from Mrs. Bowles. More particularly personalities of this kind. He felt he had to think hard.

HE AFFECTED modesty after he had cleared away breakfast and carried off his little bundle to a point in the stream which was masked from the encampment by willows. With him he also brought that cake of soap. He began by washing his handkerchief, which was bad policy because that left him no dry towel but his jacket. He ought, he perceived, to have secured a dishcloth or a newspaper. (This he must remember on the next occasion.) He did over his hands and the more exposed parts of his face with soap and jacket. Then he took off and examined his collar. It certainly was pretty bad...

"But are they all as dirty?"

"I 'ad some blacking in my parcel," said Bealby, "and it got loose, mum. I'll have to get another collar when we come to a shop."

It was a financial sacrifice, but it was the only way, and when they came to the shop Bealby secured a very nice collar indeed, high with pointed turn-down corners, so that it cut his neck all round, jabbed him under the chin and gave him a proud upcast carriage of the head that led to his treading upon and very completely destroying a stray plate while preparing lunch. But it was more of a man's collar, he felt, than anything he had ever worn before. And it cost sixpence halfpenny, six dee and a half.

(I should have mentioned that while washing up the breakfast things he had already broken the handle off one of the breakfast cups. Both these accidents deepened the cloud upon his day.)

And then there was the trouble of William. William having meditated upon the differences between them for a day had now invented an activity. As Bealby sat beside him behind the white horse he was suddenly and frightfully pinched. *Gee!* One wanted to yelp. "Chocolate," said William through his teeth and very, very savagely. "Now then."

After William had done that twice, Bealby preferred to walk beside the caravan. Thereupon William whipped up the white horse and broke records and made all the crockery sing together and forced the pace until he was spoken to by Mrs. Bowles...

It was upon a Bealby thus depressed and worried that the rumor of impending "men folk" came. It began after the party had stopped for letters at a village post office; there were not only letters but a telegram, that Mrs. Bowles read with her spats far apart and her head on one side. "Ye'd like to know about it," she said waggishly to Miss Phillips, "and you just shan't."

SHE then went into her letters.

"You've got some news," said Mrs. Geedge.

"I have that," said Mrs. Bowles, and not a word more could they get from her...

"I'll keep my news no longer," said Mrs. Bowles, lighting her cigarette after lunch as Bealby hovered about clearing away the banana skins and such like vestiges of dessert. "To-morrow night as ever is, if so be we get to Winthorpe-Sutbury, there'll be Men among us."

"But Tom's not coming," said Mrs. Geedge.

"He asked Tim to tell me to tell you."

"And you've kept it these two hours, Judy."

"For your own good and peace of mind. But now the murthurs out. Come they will, your Man and my Man, pretending to a pity because they can't do without us. But like the self-indulgent monsters they are, they must needs stop at some grand hotel, Redlake he calls it, the Royal, on the hill above Winthorpe-Sutbury. The Royal! The very name describes it. Can't you see the lounge, girls, with its white cane chairs? And saddlebacks! No other hotel, it seems, is good enough for them, and we, if you please, are asked to go in and have—what does the man call it?—the 'comforts of decency'—and let the caravan rest for a bit."

"Tim promised me I should run wild as long as I chose," said Mrs. Geedge, looking anything but wild.

"They're after thinking we've had enough of it," said Mrs. Bowles.

"It sounds like that."

"Sure I'd go on like this forever," said Judy. "'Tis the Man and the House and all of it that oppresses me. Vans for Women..."

"Let's not go to Winthorpe-Sutbury," said Madeleine. (The first word of sense Bealby had heard.)

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bowles archly, "who knows but what there'll be a Man for you? Some sort of Man anyhow." (Bealby thought that a most improper remark.)

"I want no man."

"Ah!"

"Why do you say Ah like that?"

"Because I mean Ah like that."

"Meaning—?"

"Just that."

Miss Phillips eyed Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. Bowles eyed Miss Phillips. "Judy," she said, "you've got something up your sleeve."

"Where it's perfectly comfortable," said Mrs. Bowles.

And then quite maddeningly, she remarked: "Will you be after washing up presently, Dick?" and looked at him with a rogulsh quiet over her cigarette. It was necessary to disabuse her mind at once of the idea that he had been listening. He took up the last few plates and went off to the washing place by the stream. All the rest of that conversation *had* to be lost.

Except that as he came back for the soap he heard Miss Phillips say: "Keep your old Men. I'll just console myself with Dick, my dears. Making such a Mystery!"

To which Mrs. Bowles replied darkly, "She *little* knows..." A kind of consolation was to be got from that... But what was it she little knew?...

THE men folk when they came were nothing so terrific to the sight as Bealby had expected.

And, thank Heaven, there were only two of them and each assigned. Something he perceived was said about some one else, he couldn't quite catch what, but if there was to have been some one else, at any rate there now wasn't. Professor Bowles was animated and Mr. Geedge was gracefully cold, they kissed their wives but not offensively, and there was a chattering pause while Bealby walked on beside the caravan. They were on the bare road that runs along the high ridge above Winthorpe-Sutbury, and the men had walked to meet them from some hotel or other—Bealby wasn't clear about that—by the golf links. Judy was the life and soul of the encounter, and all for asking the men what they meant by intruding upon three independent women who, sure alive, could very well do without them. Professor Bowles took her pretty calmly and seemed on the whole to admire her.

Professor Bowles was a compact little man wearing spectacles with alternative glasses, partly curved, partly flat; he was hairy and dressed in that sort of soft tweedy stuff that ravel out—he seemed to have been sitting among thorns—and baggy knickerbockers with straps and very thick stockings and very sensible, open-air, in fact quite mountaneous, boots. And yet, though he was short and stout and active, he had a kind of authority about him, and it was clear that for all her persuasiveness his wife merely ran over him like a creeper without making any great difference to him. "I've found," he said, "the perfect place for your encampment." She had been making suggestions. And presently he left the ladies and came hurrying after the caravan to take control.

Money and the Movies

By Isaac F. Marcossan

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS

WHEN you shove your dime through the box-office window of your favorite movie theatre, it joins a current of coin that registers a total daily admission fee—in the United States alone—of \$1,000,000. The theatre you enter is a link in a chain of "picture houses" that, placed side by side, would stretch from New York to Hartford. The film that flashes its thrill and romance on the screen before you is part of a far-flung belt of animated celluloid that in the course of a year would girdle the globe nearly three times over.

Five millions of people, more than all the residents of Paris and Chicago combined, see the movies every day in the week; over \$500,000,000, or well-nigh twice the amount of "greenbacks" in circulation, are invested in the business; a force of men and women equal to the population of Kansas City is engaged in creating and exploiting it. Such is the extent and scope of the motion picture which in a decade has risen from toy to amusement necessity.

So quickly and naturally has the photoplay entered into the pursuit of diversion that we have scarcely paused to measure its amazing financial side. We have been told a good deal about the picturesqueness of its production; how it has become the economic life saver of the legitimate actor; the vivid historian of progress; the first aid to education; how time, literature, and history from the Crucifixion down through "Les Misérables" to the fall of Torreón have been ransacked to feed the mighty reel of 72,000 miles of film that comprises our annual output.

But these are the obvious and external features. Behind all the tumult and clash of this sensational advance, which vies with the growth of the automobile in swiftness of evolution, and where the historian of motion-picture progress seldom delves, is the real bulwark of its now recognized stability—the domain of its dollars.

Probe its many millioned depths and you get a narrative of men and money no less romantic or stirring in some of its details than the story of steel and copper. It is the record of the obscure and even the lowly, recruited from shop and store, and projected into wealth and power on the high tide of an amazing expansion. What, then, is the finance of the film? What is the real commercial status of the activity that is emerging from the gilded disorder such as attends a huge mining "strike" into the legitimate proportions of a standardized industry?

The Line-Up of the Business

SO EPOCHAL are the changes that have crowded thick and fast upon this business that practically its whole map has been transformed in so brief a period as the last five or six years. In 1908, for example, the Motion Picture Patents Company (the so-called trust, built around the original Edison camera patents and on whose standard floated such pioneer brands as Lubin, Vitagraph, Biograph, Edison, Selig, Kalem, and Essanay) ruled the reel world. With the General Film Company it created the original monopoly of exchanges, thus controlling for the moment both the output and the distribution.

This led to the revolt which gave the whole industry a new alignment. Men such as H. E. Aitkin, Carl Laemmle, Charles Baumann, and P. A. Powers—future lords of the film domain—chafing under the restraint of monopoly, began to build up an independent movement. Aitken ran up the flag of the Mutual Film Company with the nucleus of his present organization of nine producing companies and fifty exchanges; Laemmle and Baumann struck out with the Universal with a kindred force.

Here were three great competing film-making organizations, each equipped with complete machinery to make and distribute the photoplays that had now gripped the imagination and fastened on the purse of a large part of the American people. As the business



grew these people became more fastidious. The original 1,000-foot reel was inadequate for a story. They wanted a more sustained thrill—a longer tug at the heartstrings. Hence came the fourth big producing agency dedicated to the so-called "feature" with its three- to five-reel narrative based on famous play, filmized novel or memorable event. This feature movement not only widened the field of the industry, providing a whole evening's entertainment with a single screen picture, but gave to the whole enterprise its first artistic and dramatic distinction because it lured to the ranks of producing directors such men as Daniel Frohman and Augustus Thomas.

Movie Money in Action

WITH it, too, came the first era of sky prices for material and service. You find Sarah Bernhardt getting \$30,000 to appear in "Queen Elizabeth"; Rex Beach selling the film right for "The Spoilers" for \$10,000; John Bunny being graduated from \$30 a week (his first wage as movie actor) to a salary of \$15,000 a year; Mary Pickford taking a flying spurt on the way to her yearly compensation of \$25,000. Producing developed into a fine art, and men like David W. Griffith and Edwin S. Porter—the Belascos of the camera—leaped to annual incomes that, with royalties and interest, are to-day near the six-figure mark. In a word, movie money—other than production and exchange profits—leaped to the realm of big figures and it has remained there ever since.

Equally significant as showing the expansion of the business was the fact that a photoplay could be booked for "big" time, that is for a week or more at a regular theatre and on a percentage basis. Thus the motion picture came into direct competition with the legitimate, and the boards of such standard theatres as the Broadway, the Herald Square, and the Savoy in New York and McVicker's in Chicago yielded to the silent actors of the film. To-day with a hundred native sources of supply (this is the estimate of studios), to say nothing of the considerable importation of foreign films, the business is a bristling battle ground, alive with competition; vibrant with many-sided energy. So fast is the pace that it is almost impossible to prepare statistics. The records of yesterday are wiped out to-day. The field is wide open. A man with cash and

an idea can take a flyer in a film and market his product. Increasing demand strains at supply, the mark of the dollar is everywhere. In brief, the whole industry is like a vast cornucopia disgorging a golden harvest.

The Profit in Production

CLEARLY to understand just how this harvest is reaped it will first be necessary to explain the technical procedure of the business. There are three distinct agencies that contribute to motion-picture profit. The first is the producer who makes the film plays; the second is the exchange or middleman who distributes the product; the third is the exhibitor who shows it to the public.

Under the old monopolistic order the exchanges, then limited in number, were owned by the united group of big producers. The exhibitors were arbitrarily restricted in their supply. Now things are changed. The restraining lid is off and the owner of a small

theatre can throw on his screen the products of General, Universal, and Mutual, and, in addition, if he is willing to pay the price, an added "feature." So much for the emancipation of the business.

What then are the film profits?

Of course, all figures in such an instance as this are esti-

mates, but with certain facts we can arrive at some conclusions. Let us begin at the bottom and see just how the structure of motion-picture

income is reared. Take the producer first and follow the film on its road from factory to screen. The American picture makers consume approximately 72,000 miles of film a year. Of this, 60,000 is made in this country and the rest is imported. This unused film costs an average of 2½ cents a foot delivered to the studios. Roughly speaking, the outlay for raw material is \$10,000,000 a year.

To this must be added not less than \$40,000,000, which is the conservative estimate of the cost of producing photoplays in this country every twelve months. The gross total outlay then is \$50,000,000.

Right here you encounter one of the startling evidences of change in the business. A few years ago the average cost per foot of finished film ranged from 50 cents to \$1. This was for the ordinary story told on a 1,000-foot reel. But that was when the scenario of such a tale cost \$25 and before the high cost of production began to march shoulder to shoulder with the high cost of living.

With the advent of "stars," big and expensive literary material, gorgeous accessories, elaborate equipment, and all the rest of the trimmings that the sophisticated movie fan now demands, the price has gone to \$5 a foot, and in many instances, notably in such productions as "The Prisoner of Zenda," which had a costly cast, and "Judith of Bethulia," it is even higher.

Los Angeles Has a Movie Empire

TO GO into specific details of the production end would mean to embark on a long and complicated narrative—a separate article in itself. A few facts will give a hint of the expensive expansion. The original filmmy Edison studio called the "Black Maria," which was moved about on a track so as to keep up with the sun (it was the type of the early kind), has given way to the million-dollar steel-and-glass plant with accessories like complete zoos, ranches, and regular staffs of scores of actors and actresses. More than a dozen companies have establishments that represent more than \$1,000,000 each. Out near Los Angeles, in the heart of the outdoor motion-picture empire, there are concerns with weekly salary lists of over \$15,000. One owner has a park of 20,000 acres, and another huge combination, the Universal, has a city all its own.

Salaries have soared. There was a time when the motion-picture actor was glad to get \$5 a day. Now many get from \$20 to \$30 a day, while such favorites as Costello, Baggott, Kerrigan, and various others, draw down \$10,000 a year. Costly scenario departments must be maintained; authors get royalty instead of lump sums; the world is racked for striking and stirring features. It is no infrequent thing for a manager to spend from \$10,000 to \$15,000 on a production and make no bones of it. Yet a few years ago this would have been a sensational performance. Now you begin to see why the camera crank must be kept turning, for the longer the reel the fatter the bank roll.

The Way the Profits Come

THE profit in motion-picture production, like the profit in ordinary photography, depends upon the number of prints you sell. The original film—the so-called negative—is seldom, if ever, sold outright. It remains in stock as a constant income producer. The owner bends his energies to sell as many positives—as the reproductions are called—as possible.

The average number of positives made from a commercial film in the United States is thirty. This is a very low estimate because many of the larger con-



cerus print fifty and some even turn out eighty or ninety. The foreign demand helps to swell the number. One concern makes 43,000 feet of negatives a week. From this figure you get some idea of the number of positives it can let loose. A single company—part of the Motion Picture Patents Company—used 17,000,000 feet of film last year!

The standard price that the producer gets from the exchange on regular film stories is 10 cents a foot. This means \$100 for every 1,000-foot reel. The manufacturer counts himself fortunate if he can average a net profit of 4 cents a foot.

Even in film merchandising a change is creeping over the business. Until a comparatively recent time the manufacturer flatly said: "How many prints can I sell?" as a measure of his profit. To-day in the case of the big and costly reels it is a question of "What is this film worth?" It is quality and not only the numerical prints that helps to make the measure of earning. For feature films a fixed sum is paid for daily rent. In the early days of "The Prisoner of Zenda" in which James K. Hackett was starred (the first of the popular American actors to be featured in this way), the owners received \$50 a day for the use of the film. It is tribute to the advance that this kind of film represents to say that after a year it is still commanding practically the same figure.

108 Releases a Week

THE life of the film—that is, its earning period—is usually about six months. One of the best-known motion-picture magnates in the United States told me that each copy of the ordinary 1,000-foot subject would bring in not less than \$300 during this time. The life of the feature film is considerably longer. A first-class big feature will return at least \$50,000 to its owner during the first twelve months. Such films are sometimes subleased for five years and from present indications they will be producing some sort of income during all this time.

It is impossible to get at the exact motion-picture gross and net income figures for the United States. It is estimated, however, that there are 108 film "releases" in this country every week. By "release" is meant a film play let loose for exhibition. This piles up a weekly film literature of 108 negatives from each of which thirty to eighty positives are printed and sold. Each production has its own scale of price cost; its own particular expense of distribution. Hence the difficulty in hazarding a statement about returns.

But competent and conservative producers will tell you that the total gross revenue to the American film producers is not less than \$80,000,000 a year. Since we calculated the outlay to be \$50,000,000 the profit would be in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000. To this must be added the profit that comes to the producers who own, control, or have some sort of interest in the various exchanges.

The film manufacturers are very canny individuals. Most of them have clung to the exchange golden egg. The General Film Company, for instance, has a string of ninety exchanges in this country and Canada. They get the middleman's profit out of them just as if they had nothing to do with the manufacture. You get some idea of the profit in this particular end of the business when I say that it is a tradition in the business that for one week, during the heyday of monopoly, the General Film exchanges cleared exactly \$65,000. This represented a high-water mark and could not be duplicated to-day.

What Feature Films Did

WITH the introduction of the big feature films the exchange method of operation suffered a setback; first, because some of the big stories, as "Traffic in Souls," were sent out to the public over the heads of the conventional middleman and like a regular theatrical attraction; and, second, because special feature exchanges have been established. The Famous Players' Film Company, for instance, the pioneers in dramatic-feature films in this country, has its own string of nineteen exchanges which book not only the films bearing the company's brands but the output of the various other big feature-producing concerns. These



feature films are sold in two ways—through disposal to an individual or firm who takes the right to produce in a specified territory (this is called State rights), and through the exchange which books them on a cash-price basis or on a percentage of the receipts.

Reels That Tour as "Stars" Do

A SENSATIONAL film, such as "Traffic in Souls," or a big thrilling spectacle, such as "Quo Vadis," is put on tour just like a traveling theatrical company, with a manager, a press agent, trained operator, and plenty of paper. It plays on a royalty basis.

There is no doubt but that the feature film of the kind I have just mentioned has weakened the hold that the exchange has had upon the exhibitor. The purveyors of the old-line shorter photoplay maintain that it is the craze of the moment and that the motion-picture goer wants variety of subject. But the fact



There was a time when the motion picture actor was glad to get \$5 a day. Now many of the favorites draw down \$10,000 a year

remains that the stirring, scenic, so-called star features are gaining rather than losing in box-office value and are luring millions of capital into this newest phase of the business.

Some Fortunes in Films

THIS seems an opportune place to inject some of the hitherto untold romance of the reels and to show the pranks that fortune has played with notable films. From these annals you will find that the cherished commercial traditions of the speaking stage, the money-making records rolled up by such perennials as "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Hazel Kirke" are likely to have lesser prototypes in the biographies of some of the picture plays that during the brief period of a year have come to the attention of at least a fourth of the people of the United States.

The case furnished by "Quo Vadis" is one in point. This film was made in Italy at a cost of about \$45,000 in Italian money. Over here, with the higher cost of labor, it would have meant an outlay of nearly \$60,000.

The way it came to America is interesting. George Kleine, one of the pioneer producers—the man who put the K into the name of the Kalem Company—had retired from the business at fifty with a fine competency. He had originally drifted into motion pictures because he was one of the best lens makers in the country. While on a trip to Italy he saw the "Quo Vadis" film. It appealed to him as an immense proposition, but he realized also that up to that time there was no market for such features in the United States. Nevertheless he took a chance—and the film.

He knew that the only way to produce it was in a big New York theatre first and at prices higher than those usually charged. After some negotiating with other theatres he booked it at the Astor Theatre for four weeks. It was the first time that a going Broadway house had been turned over to a feature film put in as a regular matinée and night attraction. Previously Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" had been shown at the Broadway, but that had already become a picture playhouse.

The success of "Quo Vadis" was sensational. At prices of 25 and 50 cents it filled the theatre twice a day and ran for fifteen weeks. At McVicker's in Chicago it almost duplicated this record. Then began an amazing career. Theatres all over the country pleaded to have the film. It ran all summer in Boston, two months in Philadelphia, five weeks in Baltimore, and so on from coast to coast. During some weeks it played to \$5,000 a week in New

York alone. During the first eight months of its appearance in the United States it brought in \$250,000 and it is still doing business. Such are the possibilities of the feature film.

There are real adventures in films too, as the case of "Traffic in Souls" will show. The beginning was picturesque. Up in the scenario department of the Universal Film Company was a young editor named Walter McNamara who had an ambition to become a director. He had been a newspaper man and he had a good nose for the timely. The New York papers blazed with white slavery; the Grand Jury reeked with investigation of the "underworld." McNamara saw his chance, for he said to himself:

"Here is the opportunity for a great film story and it will make me a director."

So he wrote the story, which he called "Traffic in Souls," and put it up to his chiefs. They were inclined to be skeptical on account of the rawness of the subject, but it went to the studios and was produced. When the "Death Watch," as the producing critics are called, sat in judgment on its first unfolding they were even more skeptical. But having put good money into the proposition they decided to take a flyer. The only Broadway theatre that seemed accessible was Weber's, once the haunt of the nimble-footed and the golden-throated. When they sought to make a dicker with Weber on shares he declined.

"Pay me \$500 a week rent and make it fifty-fifty," he said. This meant that he wanted half of the receipts.

"Traffic in Souls"

THE play was put on and the title strung up on the outside in red lights, fitting herald of what lurked within.

The unexpected happened. The theatre was packed four times a day for weeks. So tremendous was its success that it was planted in four other New York theatres at the same time. Thus it enjoyed the distinction of playing to five different audiences at the same moment within a comparatively small radius. And every house did a capacity business. In one week it played to a gross business of \$50,000.

Fifty positives were made and the country was invaded. Every film went out with all the accessories of a regular theatrical organization. The Shuberts bought a third interest in the film and booked it in their own theatres. It was a better paying attraction than many of the expensive companies they had out. Such was the record of a film that was at first despised and well-nigh rejected. It is fitting to add that since Mr. McNamara had turned out this scenario in the regular performance of his work he got no royalty. But at Christmas time his employers presented him with a check for \$10,000 in appreciation of his work.

This incident illustrates the swiftness with which a sensational movie success can be capitalized. All that was necessary to secure fifty sources of income was to print fifty positives and turn them loose on an expectant public everywhere with trivial cost. Now if "Traffic in Souls" had been a regular play it would have been necessary to hire a cast for each road company and rehearse at least two weeks, and the expense would have been heavy even before a dollar came in.

Then, too, there was the incident of the Rainey African pictures. Paul Rainey, a venturesome young millionaire, thought it would be a good thing to have a motion-picture record of his adventures in the jungle. So he took along J. C. Hemment, an admirable photographer. The thought of profit never entered his mind. When he returned with some very wonderful pictures he was advised to show them at high prices at the Lyceum Theatre. Unsuccessful there (only because of the price) he had about washed his hands of them. Carl Laemmle and his associates heard of the films, took them off Rainey's hands outright for \$15,000 cash and then plastered the country with the films, cleaning up a fortune on them.

Such incidents as I have just described—and I could cite more—have naturally attracted the regular theatrical managers to the picture game. The net result is that Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, the Shuberts, W. A. Brady, Henry W. Savage, Cohan & Harris, and the Lieblers are making alliances with movie producers to present their plays—many of them long discarded—on the screens. Thus a whole new range of attraction from the hectic heart throbs of a Theodore Kremer thriller to the highly sensitized emotions of a Clyde Fitch society drama are in line for pictures.

The Vast Growth of the Theatres

NOW let us turn to the third or exhibiting wing of the business—to the vast chain of picture houses now so essential to the average man's pleasure that they vie with the freight car as the outposts of civilization. Nearly 18,000 theatres, from the stuffy ten-by-fifty "store (Continued on page 24)

First

BESIDE the window, old-fashioned and set with many a tiny pane, Lucy Ames sat sewing her wedding gown. Her forehead was cleft by a deep wrinkle, for the delicate thread had snarled; her fingers set to work patiently to unravel the tangle; her little mouth drew itself into a very stubborn, very scarlet line. The ardor of her vexation sent a vivid rose to a cheek usually pale and cool.

The house was very quiet. Emmy was lying down in the room above. Gringo, the cat, slept purringly on the hearthrug at Lucy's feet. The ponderous ticking of the old hall clock but intensified the silence.

With a little indrawn breath of victory and satisfaction, Lucy drew the thread, straightened now, between thumb and finger. She lifted her eyes from her work; the window looked out past rose bush and daffodil and columbine to the yellow pike. A car came whirling down the long hill and then across the bridge and up the steep slope.

"It is Philip Darrell," she thought. "How recklessly he drives!"

She leaned her face nearer the pane, meaning to bow to him. Since her childhood, all during the years of his life's sordid story, Lucy had always insisted upon speaking to Philip Darrell.

THE little smile on her lips faded suddenly; Lucy's heart gave an ungently bound in her breast. The car was turning in at the square of lawn, it was slowing down at the gate, Philip Darrell was opening the gate! He was coming up the walk!

Lucy's first impulse was flight. Her second thoughts—which were best—assured her that it was unnecessary to disturb Emmy. She could meet Philip Darrell at the door herself and inquire his errand. In timid, sheltered maidens like Lucy Ames there is often some strange and secret longing for adventure. Any meeting with Philip Darrell must be an adventure.

She spread the breadths of satin over a rosewood chair and laid her needle in the case. But she kept the little silver thimble on her finger. Smoothing her tiny, embroidered apron, Lucy went trippingly across the room. The outer door stood open and Darrell was at the threshold.

"Good day, Miss Lucy; may I come in?"

"Cer—certainly," faltered Lucy, taken aback. She herself was slender and tall, but he was much taller, and she found she must look up into his eyes—dark, restless eyes. And that upward glance of her blue eyes revealed her thought. Darrell smiled grimly. He was not a welcome guest in homes like this.

SHE led the way into the sitting room, warm with sunlight, fragrant with white hyacinths, all arrayed on the window sill.

"Please have a chair," Lucy said. "I will call Emmy."

"No," he said, "my errand is with you."

"With me?"

"Lucy," Darrell said, leaning down to touch the breadths of satin, "what is this?"

"Satin," she breathed. "My—my—" she faltered, her dimpled chin lowered to the lace at her bosom.

"Your wedding gown?" He spoke with a strange gentleness.

She flashed a little reproachful smile at him. Was it that the word was too sweet to be said?

"Suppose I were to tell you you would not need this gown."

"Not need—my wedding gown?"

He turned to her fully then.

"Lucy, have you any reason to believe I would come to you with a lie?"

She shook her head hesitantly; her eyes were dilated, her lips apart and paling.

"For no other soul in all the world would I go through the like of this business. The man you loved and trusted, Lucy, is not true to you; he never was true! To-day he went across the State line with Janet Blair to marry her."

THERE was absolute silence for a breathless moment. Then Lucy spoke clearly, finally:

"That is a lie."

Darrell's face flushed a slow, dark red.

"I only wish it were," he said.

"I tell you," she reiterated, passion breaking her words into vehemence, "it is a lie!"



By Mary Lanier Magruder

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. BENDA

"There is but one way to prove it," he said. "Either wait for their return, or else go yourself across the line to Hollow Dawns."

Lucy put a sudden hand to her throat. The thimble fell tinkling upon the floor. Darrell picked it up and fingered it upon his palm, looking curiously at the small, intimate, housewifely thing.

"I will not go!" she said. But a note of wildness was in her voice. "I have all faith in Jim Maxwell. Why do you come here with such tales of him? What has he ever done to you, Philip Darrell, that you should—"

"You do not understand, Lucy. I only want to help you face the world and all the gossip. I come to forewarn you. I think, as yet, no one knows they went, but by this afternoon everyone will know that you—that he—"

"That he jilted me? That remains to be proven!"

"You will—"

"Perhaps you will tell me why you know this—you alone?" Her voice, though fluttering, had not lost its dignity.

"I was fishing under the cypresses by the Black Drift. Janet and Maxwell were rowing in the backwater. I heard their plans, got it all. Perhaps I should not have listened. But I owe them nothing, no silence, no mercy. They—and the rest—have shown me none."

"Have you deserved it?" said Lucy unexpectedly.

HE LOOKED at her a long moment, then his gaze fell to the floor, brooding, bitter.

"No, I have not deserved it, no matter how I may have longed for it." He set the thimble on the table there beside the wedding gown that never would be worn.

"Lucy, according to the judgment of the elders, I am not fit to take your hand, much less to offer you what may seem an impertinent assurance. But when Jim Maxwell broke faith with you to-day, you escaped a bondage that would have worn your soul to tatters long before God let you die. Thank Him for what you have escaped. Hold your head high, Lucy, and brave it out."

A little twitching of his lips was all that betrayed emotion under the gray mask of his face. Lucy stood looking at him. The walls of her faith were horribly shaken. Her knees crumpled under her.

"Sit here," he said—and she felt his hand supportingly on her shoulder. She sank into the chair, always looking with her hurt, young eyes up at him who had cast down the altar of her trust and loyalty.

"Believe me," Darrell said, "if I could have spared you I would. If I could have given you happiness, I would have caned him and sent him back to you."

Love

"What need," she said slowly, "have I of a whipped hound?"

Again he looked at her with a glance that measured her with astonishment. She was so slender, so white, so cool with her innocent eyes, her dimpled chin, he had feared to see her sink like a crushed flower. But for all that her lips were trembling; she looked back at him with eyes where a flame had suddenly kindled.

"I think you meant this for a kindness. But you must pardon me if I refuse to accept, utterly, what you have told me. I must have something else."

"Besides my word?"

She inclined her head.

"If I were anyone else, I should ask you to let me drive you across the line to Hollow Dawns. I can offer no better, no more convincing proof than the clerk's record there."

"Why do you not offer then?"

He laughed. "Why?"

HE TURNED his shoulder to her, under pretext of fingering the hyacinths in the window.

"Lucy," he said presently, "do nothing you might regret. It could do you no good to be seen with me at this time."

"Are you so unwilling as all that? But you owe me something."

He wheeled, the color stealing back into his face. "Your sister—she might—"

"Emmy, when she thinks at all, thinks as I do," Lucy said, calmly stating an incontrovertible fact. "I shall be ready as soon as I put on my coat and veil."

He awaited her, walking the floor restlessly. He had been long under the harrow of his country world's code, a code sometimes hypocritical, always self-righteous; this room seemed to heal him of

much that tormented him like a bodily curse. All about was so sweetly intimate of her—the little sewing table, the hyacinths' fragrance, the lustrous satin lying in long, lovely folds across the chair. How many unnumbered times in his black days had he dreamed of all that lay behind the high window and its little glittering panes! How many times had she braved disapproval and sent her greeting to him. He could claim that in sheer honesty of nature he had lost a standing no man imperiled by the veriest vices so long as they were ever so scantily, albeit conventionally, veiled—but what did this girl know of all that? She had stood by him as far as in her lay when he must have been to her as the worst man in the country.

SHE came in, a long veil over her close-fitting velvet hood, and her blue broadcloth coat wrapping her slenderness from the north wind of late March. Darrell put her into the car, and as he cranked his engine his face flushed in the center of each gaunt cheek. He sprang in beside her and the car hummed, sang, and leaped forward down the long, straight slope.

They had a silent journey. Darrell gave all his attention to driving the machine, while Lucy sat, unspoken, beside him. Once her veil blew across his face, bringing a thrill of some lavender sweetness too quickly lost, when Lucy, with an exclamation, recaptured the truant gauze. Hollow Dawns, across the State line, was but twenty miles away, and the roads, red pavements of gravel pike, were whipped dry by the March winds.

The little country town, in its girdle of green hills, nestled about the public square. The country courthouse, presenting its four gray walls to the four points of the compass, towered above a wide green plot, and, under the great maples and oaks, crocuses were blooming in the sward and a fountain was sending a chill spray upon the March air.

As Darrell drove the car into the square the clock, intoning the chant of the hours, marked twelve—high noon. A midday quiet lay all about. The rhythm of their footsteps echoed sleepily down the courthouse corridor. In the clerk's office the stenographer was pinning on her hat. She turned wise and expectant eyes upon them.

"Anything for you to-day?" Then smiling: "I am deputy county court clerk."

A SUDDEN flush overran Darrell's throat and face. He did not look at Lucy.

"We wish to know if you have issued a marriage license to-day to James Maxwell and Janet Blair."

"Mr. Singleton wrote the paper an hour ago. Friends of yours?"

"Thank you so much," Darrell said. The extreme

courtesy of his words and manner covered the fact that he ignored her question.

"Would you mind showing us the record?" Lucy said unexpectedly.

THE girl's eyes snapped a little. "If you please," Darrell said, and the snap vanished in a flash of white teeth and dimples.

She brought the ledger and laid it before them, indicating the entry with a well-manicured finger. The ink seemed scarcely dry. Lucy read it slowly; she lifted her eyes and the girl thought she had never seen eyes so blue.

"You are very kind," Lucy said. "Please pardon our giving you so much trouble."

"Trouble is what we are here for," the girl said cheerfully, replacing her book. But she looked after them curiously as she drew on her gloves.

Darrell opened the door of the car. Neither of them had spoken a word. But Lucy, with a little gesture, turned and, retracing her steps, passed on to the green-slat seat beside the fountain. She sat down and Darrell came and stood beside her. "Sit down," Lucy said. "Forgive me for doubting your word."

"There is no question of forgiveness. I honored your faith, Lucy, though you put it in that cur. I could wish I had not brought you the ill tidings."

"No, I am glad. It gives me more time to think, to consider, although all the thinking on earth will not alter the fact that from now on forever I must always be the Lucy Ames that Jim Maxwell flitted in two weeks of her wedding day."

"Why always Lucy Ames? Some good man and true will come into your life some day."

"What man wants a woman another man has cast away?"

"I know one man too well—" he began. The words had slipped out, but he caught at them, and ceased speaking, his eyelids drooping, his hand tight on the iron rail of the seat.

Lucy looked at him with narrowing eyelids. "I have had no sweetheart since I was a child but Jim Maxwell."

"For a year or two that man has passed your window, hoping for nothing more than a glimpse of your face, the barest courtesy of your eyes and lips, such as in your kindness you might give to the sorriest wayfarer along the road. This man in an evil hour—he could have gone away perhaps and made a fresh start elsewhere. But I tell you pride forbade that, Lucy, so a blight settled down on him. One day at your window you looked up and smiled at him—smiled with innocence and kindness, with a mercy not tempered by justice. Then something awoke in his soul—not hope, Lucy, but light."

HER lips moved, but she did not speak. She sat staring steadfastly into the blue waters of the pool.

"Well?" she said at last.

"That smile—he worshiped you. There was no sin in that, just as there was no hope in the love he had for you."

Her eyes met his own. They had grown darker than rain-drenched violets.

"Phillip, I do not understand all you are saying. But most of all I know you are trying to give me back something of my pride, my self-respect."

He was silent for a moment. Then he came round the seat and sat down beside her.

"What self-respect could you lose in losing Jim Maxwell? This is my one opportunity. When I leave you again at your own door, Lucy, you and I will not likely see each other again except as passers-by."

"Unless—"

"Lucy!"

"You did not tell me the man's name, Phillip."

"It is not necessary!"

"But if he pitted me so much he might be willing to exchange—"

"Lucy, you do not want to hear me speak of love, I understand. You are very young and—I think you do not know what you are saying, but all I ask is to serve you."

"If a man lived so hopelessly, he would not expect too much if a woman agreed to marry him, would he?"

Darrell caught her hand. His eyes held fright—and fascination. "Lucy, you would not marry me?"

She looked at the pool again—and laughed. "I might under certain conditions."

"And those?"

"First, that you asked me."

"And—"

"That we be married at once—to-day—now."

HE TOOK her face between his hands, regardless of the hour, the place.

"Lucy, I shall leave you here a little while. Think well, but remember that now—with this first love of yours bleeding—I cannot, I must not tell you all I feel. I will marry (Continued on page 33)

The Boy's Politics

By

Ceylon Hollingsworth

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT



They sat down on the curb and appeared absorbed in deep admiration of a very much soiled picture card

ONE warm, breezy, summer night Dudley Shedd, aged twelve, sat on the curb and gazed disconsolately across the avenue at a large house showing dimly behind tall maples. His father and mother lived in that house; but except in freezing or drowning weather, Dudley did his best to limit his living there strictly to eating and sleeping within it. That's about all the use a boy can find for a house, anyway, except when he has the measles or scarlet fever. This morning Dudley and his father had held an executive session behind closed doors in the furnace room to devise ways and means for mowing the lawn.

And so Dudley, lonely and forlorn, sat on the curb and contemplated the long years of hardship he must yet endure if he continued to reside in the house across the street. His eyes grew damp with self-pity as he brooded over the lacerating, overlapping troubles which had this day beset him. That vast lawn, over which he had labored in agony of soul and body, was in plain view and gnawed at his vitality with its dumb but positive assurance that it would need another clipping in a few days. His melancholy reflections created a torturing appetite for elevating excitement.

He had just begun to consider, once more, his favorite project of secretly building a long, snug canoe and escaping down the river to parts unknown, there to drift along and fish, hunt, eat and sleep, and live a free life of continued ease and peace, when a boy came trotting across the street.

DUDLEY shot erect like a jack-in-the-box and his face lost its despondency.

"Hello, Pete, where's the kids?"

"Dunno," said Pete, "jus' got through supper. Pa and I wuz out in the country and got back a little while ago. They'll be comin' along pretty soon. What'll we do?"

"I dunno," said Dudley; and then, beginning to whistle, he stood on one foot, shoved his hands in his trousers pockets, and began to shuffle himself with a heel-and-toe movement across the asphalt. He thought more clearly under such exercise.

On the corner lot in front of which he had been sitting stood the synagogue of the Jews. Dudley suddenly ceased his antics and gazed at the structure.

"Say, Pete, t'night's Thursday night, ain't it, and t'morrow night's when they hold meetin'? Wonder if old Liberman's 'round?"

"W'y?"

"W'y, he's always 'round Thursday night cleanin' up. Mebby we could have some fun with him."

"Gosh, I dunno. Hope he is! Let's watch. What'll we do?"

"I dunno. Let's see if there's any light in the back." They forthwith trotted down the cross street and found all the windows black.

"He ain't come yet," said Dudley as they walked



The janitor hissed "Ah! ha!" as he jumped. He ran like a duck, but his running was deceptive

back to the corner. "He'll be here, though. Always fixes things up Thursday night. Gosh! He's comin' now. See 'is bowlegs! Let's set down and p'tend to be lookin' at somethin'."

They sat down on the curb and, with heads bent over close together, appeared absorbed in deep admiration of a very much soiled picture card that Dudley had snatched from his pocket.

In a few moments a short, elderly man, whose knees had never touched each other since infancy, came rapidly along with flat-footed steps, jerky and diminutive. His smoothly shaven face was broad, fat, brown, and as Hebraic as the Old Testament. As he passed the boys he twisted his head sidewise and rolled his large, white-rimmed eyes toward them in a suspicious glance. He jerked open the gate of the low iron fence and, unlocking the synagogue doors, disappeared with a bang. Then the boys got up.

"He's liable to be in there for an hour now," said Dudley; "we'll play some trick on 'im when he comes out, huh?"

"Bet yer life!" affirmed Pete. "What'll it be?"

DUDLEY studied the doors of the synagogue and danced a slow clog.

"Say, look here," he said in a whisper as he stood still, "he acts as if he wuz in an awful hurry, don't he? And when he comes out he'll be in a bigger hurry and yank the gate open and hustle out 'thout lookin', I bet. Say, I've got it! Come on over with me till I get a piece of old clothesline." Dudley's miseries had fled. Trouble will stay with a boy just as long as a cottontail will when the boy has dragged it by the hind leg out of its burrow. If he lets go, it's gone.

Fifteen minutes later that synagogue gate was loaded with several feet of old, thin rope and two boys were crouching down behind a thick clump of snowball bushes that grew just beyond the synagogue fence. The old, thin rope, in a loop about two feet long, hung down against the outside of the latch juncture of gate and fence. The ends of the rope were neatly and tightly tied to the top cross rod, about three feet from the ground, one end to the jam of the fence, the other near the edge of the gate. And if that little janitor, eager to get back into the bosom of his family, should come hurrying down the dark walk, push the gate partly open and whirl through without scouting for trouble, why, as the boys reasoned, he and their clothesline and gate, fence and sidewalk, like angleworms in a can, would tangle themselves up into a bunch of trouble right away. Pete bet if the old man went through the gate sideways the quick way he did last week he'd loosen the fence and wreck the gate, and he bet what the old man would do to the sidewalk, when he got through with the fence and gate, would be aplenty. Dudley said naw, he wouldn't loosen the fence, but he bet, if the rope didn't break, he'd loosen himself, tho', pretty much all over.

THE boys continued for some time to poke up their squirming anticipations by "betting" back and forth at each other on their ideas about what that rope could do to a man.

At last there came the rasping of one of the big doors, followed by the faint click of the key against the lock. "Here he comes!" Pete gasped in exultation. He scrambled stealthily to one side of the bushes while Dudley went to the other, and so, on hands and knees, they watched with unimpeded view. The next moment, with a loud clearing of his throat, the janitor backed out on to the stone landing, pulled the door shut and locked and shook it. Then he stood still with his hand on the key.

"Tear! Tear!" they heard him exclaim. "Now, if I hafn't fergot t' durn dot lide in t' sullar oud!"

He unlocked the door, went in and slammed it. The boys caught the jingle of keys. Dudley jumped up with a lively "Gee!" leaped the fence, and ran up to the doors. Pete heard again the jingle of keys, and his companion came bounding back, flung himself over the fence and upon the ground behind the bushes. He was laughing through his hand and his shoulders were twitching with merriment.

"What did you do, anyway, Dud?" demanded Pete. "He left all 'is keys hangin' in the door—oh, gosh!—and I've locked 'im in!"

"Oh, ho ho!" began Pete, and they both swayed themselves about in chuckling delight.

"But," exclaimed Pete suddenly, "he'll unlock the little side door and come out."

"No, he can't; how can he? All 'is keys are hangin' on a ring on the big key! He'll haf to come out a window."

"Oh, ho ho!" broke out Pete, and again the boys hugged themselves and swung their bodies about in suppressed glee.

They were startled into rigidity by the vigorous

hitched by a long chain to the hind end of a limited express making up time.

The boys ran into the dark shadow back of a near-by house and began trotting in a cross-lot direction down the block. For about two seconds they didn't worry any about the Jew's ability to gain on them at their present rate of retreat. Then Dudley casually glanced over his shoulder. "Great gosh, skip!" he cried, and, followed by Pete, dashed off at the top of his speed, dodged around the second house and toward the street. A man with legs six feet long could never catch two boys at night, with residences, outhouses, shrubbery, and black shadows in such profusion.

SO, when the irate and wheezing janitor arrived in front of the house around which the boys had vanished, not a sign of a boy could he find, although he hopped about in boiling excitement and scanned every direction. The impenetrable shadows, enshrouding that clump of snowball bushes, a couple of hundred feet away, allured his suspicions, and, keeping within the darkest spots, he cautiously advanced until he reached a large elm growing by the driveway that passed between the two houses nearest the synagogue. Sheltered behind its trunk, he first tried to pierce the gloom of the bushes. Then hearing a slight noise down in the darkness of the driveway, he imagined he saw two slight, vague forms slowly edging toward the street and he became oblivious to everything

else. About the moment when the old gentleman crawled through the window, Martin Mullen, the night policeman on that beat, stopped on the synagogue corner just long enough to hold his watch to the light. Martin was no comic-weekly officer. He performed his duties conscientiously and kept his eyes and ears keenly alert. Consequently, as he put away his watch, he eyed the synagogue and caught the weak glint from the bunch of keys. The edifice was dark. Without hesitating an instant, therefore, he vaulted the fence and, twirling his club, walked up to the doors and tried them.

"Hughee!" he said in undertone as he tested several doors with the keys and found them locked from the outside. "Liberman or some one must be losing his mind."

He took out the keys and remarked to himself that he'd stop and leave them with the rabbi. Then, very contented in his mind, he sauntered down the walk, carelessly opened the gate and took a long stride through the aperture. The rope instantly showed one of the things it could do to a man. Martin's club rapped and clattered upon the flagging, his helmet bounced and rolled away, and as his outspread hands gave the big stone two mighty smacks, and his knees bumped it with two dull bumps, he said: "D—n it all! What did that?" And he said it with the deepest of feeling.

THE noise of Mullen's fall sent the janitor bounding in huge hops out to the sidewalk; and when he saw the bulk of the policeman on hands and knees he never doubted that it was the boys caught by some mishap. "Ah, ha!" he yelled in fierce joy as he started cutting great scollops up toward Mullen, who was gathering himself together. "Ah, ha! you tam scoundrel you! Now I haf you at lasd! Now I haf you! Now I figx you!"

"Haf me! Figx me!" snorted the amazed and furious Mullen as he disentangled himself from rope and gate and rose to his feet. "What d'ye mean, you hoop-legged idiot, by roping yer gate and callin' me a 'tam scoundrel,' when I d—n near killed myself with it?" And then Mullen stooped his shoulders, thrust out his head and roared forth a "Hey!" that meant business.

"Mein Gott, vat is tis! Vat is tis! Vat 'as happened!" gulped the janitor. His frantic exertions to become stationary resembled a perpendicular fit, and the shocking transformation of two boys into one tall, angry man almost gave him one. His momentum propelled him to within three feet of Mullen, who remained motionless in his belligerent posture.

"Mister Mullen, is id you?" he cried in a horrified voice, flinging up his hands in consternation. "Mein Gott, vat is ter madder? Vat 'as happened?"

"Look at that gate, blast it!" growled out Mullen. The other swung the gate wide open.

"Oh, tose poy. Tose poy!" (Continued on page 31)



Liberman yelled in fierce joy as he started cutting great scollops up toward Mullen, who was gathering himself together

shaking of the big doors. They stood up and stared the way boys at a circus stare when a bunch of clowns engage in a mêlée with bladders and stuffed clubs. For one moment silence ensued, sticky with possibilities. Then the doors sounded out as if trying to tear loose and walk off.

"Hey!" came an angry, muffled shout. "Poys, poys, poys! Unlock dis toor immejetly, juh hear!"

Another moment of silence and another spasm with the doors. "Poys! You young scountrels you, open tis toor righd away at vunce! You Shett poy, I know you, you vild lhab, gome righd away here and open tis door immejetly!"

THE janitor's voice suggested knotted fists wildly shaking above an apoplectic head; and his voice gave suggestion only of the truth. With his fists he was frantically trying, as he gave his commands, to punch holes through the high vault of the vestibule. On receiving no response, he switched from ceiling to doors and his resounding thumps could have been heard half a block. But the street, in that immediate vicinity, happened to be deserted.

"Jeeruselam!" ejaculated Dudley, "he's hot!"

"Rats!" jeeringly shouted Pete, losing control of his feelings.

"Shut up," snapped Dudley, "ain't you got no sense at all?"

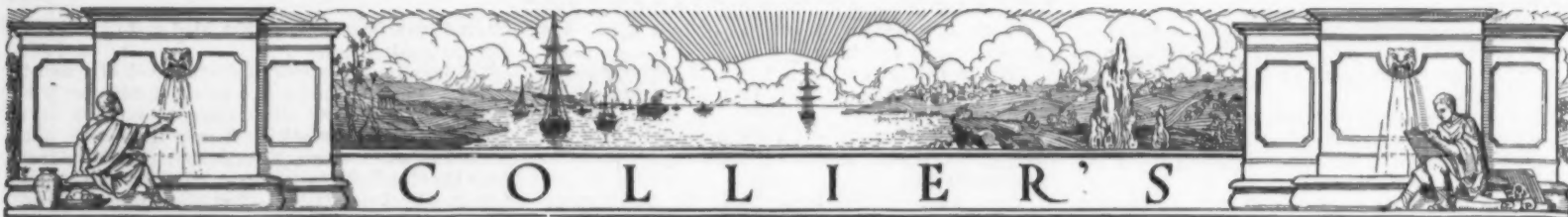
At Pete's shout the janitor ceased action, with one fist against a door and the other raised ready for a blow. "Ah, ha! Ah, ha!" he breathed through his nose. "Tare you are, ad lasd! Tare you are, ad lasd! Now I slib out a back window and gatch you, and I trash you, and I trash you! Ah, ha!" And then he rapidly tiptoed through the darkness toward the rear of the Sunday-school room.

The boys in gaping expectation stood for five minutes, awaiting another demonstration upon the doors.

"Bet he's gettin' out a back window," said Dudley. "Come on and see," and they glided down beside the fence toward the rear. As they obtained a view of the back of the synagogue, the janitor, about to jump, was discovered sitting on the ledge of an open window. He caught sight of the dim silhouettes of the boys at the same instant.

"Ah, ha!" he hissed as he jumped. "Tare you are! Now I ged you!"

HE RAN like a duck, but his running was deceptive. If you have ever had a bear start to run you down you can appreciate the surprise of the boys. A bear standing or walking doesn't look as if it could run faster than an aged cripple. But when a bear begins to run in earnest, it looks and travels like a bear



Bad Dreams of Conspiracy

WILSON'S HARANGUE against business men who write letters to Congressmen was clearly childish. This form of appeal has been used by reformers for years. It was used in the fight on CANNON, in the passage of the income-tax amendment, in urging temperance legislation. This method of influencing Representatives was more responsible than any other one element in forcing WILSON'S nomination at Baltimore. Our recollection of the number is not exact, but we think that upward of one hundred thousand telegrams came to delegates asking them to vote for WILSON. Here is a familiar, frank, and wholly proper way of exerting influence. To talk about it in terms of conspiracy is childish. As WILSON'S acts and utterances continue under scrutiny, his intellectual and temperamental traits become apparent. A very marked one is the disposition to prevail by mere weight of will, by assertion, without willingness to argue or meet argument.

Wilson and Mexico

FROM SAN ANTONIO, TEX., MR. WILLARD L. SIMPSON writes a very reasonable letter about Mexico, among other things asking: What would you have advocated and what do you now advocate?

What we would have advocated a year ago doesn't much matter after so much water has gone over the dam. We would have kept out of the mess. WILSON quite deliberately projected himself into it, and his course ever since has been partly stubborn pride in sticking by his position, partly a hurried opportunism to avoid the consequences of that position. If WILSON really had intended at the beginning to go out of his way to introduce agrarian reform in Mexico (we think he did not have this intention in the beginning and that it came to him later as a justification of the mess he found himself in), he could have made recognition of HUERTA contingent upon agrarian reform. What we advocate now is the sanitation of publicity and discussion, and anything that will save us from what we think WILSON, against his will, is headed for eventually—military occupation and a foreign war.

Democratic Bombast

SECRETARY McADOO informs us that the total ordinary expenditures of our National Government for the fiscal year that ended on June 30 will probably amount to \$703,000,000. This exceeds by some twenty millions the total for the preceding fiscal year. The increase of only about 3 per cent seems unimportant until we notice the contrast with this plank in the Baltimore platform:

We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toll. We demand a return to the simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government.

To increase "profligate waste" by 3 per cent is *not* returning to "simplicity and economy"!

Brother Amos

PENNSYLVANIA FRIENDS tell us that some folks in that State are opposing GIFFORD PINCHOT because the public prints have associated him with some rather extreme reformers. We hasten to inform these Pennsylvanians that they are confusing GIFFORD with his brother AMOS. GIFFORD PINCHOT is a great idealist. He is one of the large figures of his generation. Because of his identification with all that is implied by the term "conservation" the future historian will have a good deal to say about him. AMOS PINCHOT, as PERLMUTTER would put it, "is something else again." He is a young man who has acquired a great deal of money by the easiest known form of acquisition. The leisure which comes from that and the possession of a famous brother account for such participation as he has in public affairs. AMOS is a Cubist in politics. He belongs to the Futurist fringe of reform. He is for most of the "isms" identified with current agitation, not omitting pessimism. What he isn't for he's against. We certainly hope the Pennsylvania voters won't confuse him with GIFFORD.

The Fundamental of Prosperity

SUCCESSFUL MEN fix their minds on the important things (however small, remote, or obscure) and refuse to be diverted therefrom. That is why they succeed. So in this season of cross currents, with Wall Street in mourning over the decay of speculation, with the railroads bluffing the facts to the limit of their ability, with the obsolete type of newspaper economist sweating blood over fantastic bal-

ances of trade, we find Mr. E. C. SIMMONS, a successful hardware dealer of St. Louis, Mo., sending out this letter to his salesmen:

Don't worry. War or no war, freight rates or no freight rates, tariff or no tariff, baseball or no baseball, grape juice or champagne—the farmer is still on the job. Don't forget him.

Mr. SIMMONS knows these United States.

What Does Wealth Mean to You?

IT MAKES US STOP AND THINK to see an item like this:

HAMMOND, IND.—Receiving a letter from Greece that he is heir to a \$7,000,000 estate, MATHIAS CONSTANCE, a steel worker here, has hired five close friends at \$5,000 a year apiece to help him spend his money. That is all they will have to do.

This man has the same view of riches that the Huns and Goths had fifteen hundred years ago: lots to eat and drink, money to spend! The power that wealth gives, the room for living and serving, the long reach of it toward the future under the fostering of science—to all these things MATHIAS CONSTANCE is blind. What does wealth mean to you? What dream of yours would come true if you had \$7,000,000 at your command to-morrow?

A Railway That Knows How

ON A SMOOTHLY RUNNING EXPRESS TRAIN between Washington and New York we found an illustrated circular called "Information," issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad system. This issue tells what Italians are doing for the railroad, and says that of 140,000 employees on the lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, 11,000 are of that nation. Twenty years ago there were very few, all of them "laborers"; to-day Italy is represented in practically every department of the railroad, and each day these men are making their impression. . . . Many of them hold positions of trust and responsibility, due possibly to a great extent to their learning the English language. . . . Promotion is always open to the man who works hard and improves himself.

We are glad to believe that this is true. We are glad to read of "the Italian-English correspondence course which the railroad gives to all who apply for it." The Pennsylvania is exceptionally fortunate as a corporation and employer of labor if its employees really believe promotion "always open to the man who works hard"—and the public will share the benefit. The spirit of loyalty, confidence of receiving justice: no dollar-and-cent value can be placed upon these matters, but their absence is none the less fatal to successful organization. The men who have made the Pennsylvania Railroad have not always measured up in all regards (civic virtue, for instance) to SAINT LOUIS and GEORGE WASHINGTON—but somehow they have managed to instill a notable morale into their men, and the traveling public knows their conductors and brakemen for courtesy and intelligence and a general air of self-respect. Some of the railroads realize that they are public-service corporations, and act accordingly in those human relations where this service is apparent. But cheerful, hopeful employees are essential to creating really cordial relations between the public and the corporation. The Pennsylvania was one of the first railroad systems to apply this fundamental truth.

"David Describeth a Citizen of Zion"

IN THIS TIME OF AFFIDAVITS, doctors' certificates, squabbles over immunity, and wholesale indictments of dead men, it is worth remembering that the Psalmist, in talking about the good citizen, used this sentence: "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." Very few of this sort have been investigated.

A Sad Case

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE, what kind of thing is this Parkersburg (W. Va.) "State Journal," and what on earth is the matter with it? We find this allusion to us in a recent issue:

LAST ONE DECENT

The last COLLIER'S WEEKLY is decent, and it is certainly a relief to see the dirty vulture left out of it, and to have it talk sane, even if it should begin gyrating with its ears again, and have a breath like a garbage wagon, and its eyes get red and gallons and gallons of filth cover it!

Won't some of our friends down there tell us about the "Journal"?

Telling What You Don't Know

MANY YOUNGSTERS have lately endured the pangs of entrance examinations for college. STEVENSON was right in speaking of these tests as "examinations"; that's why we pity the subfreshman. His sensations frequently resemble those sketched in "Verdant Green." Mr. BOUNCER, "Giglambs," and "Four-in-hand" FOSBROOKE, you remember, got hold of a youth who was searching for the entrance-

A Camera Reveals Some Wonders on the Floor of the Ocean



The first photograph of a deep-sea diver at work. It was taken at a depth of 50 feet



PHOTOGRAPHY is turning from its conquest of the air to search out the mysteries of the sea, and the subterranean wonders dreamed of by Jules Verne are the latest targets of pioneering camera men. The story of the first notable achievement in this work is told in the snapshots on this page. Captain C. Williamson of Norfolk, Va., invented a glass-windowed operating chamber in which photographers could be let down in the sea, and recently the device was put into practical use by his sons, J. E. and G. M. Williamson. The Williamson brothers went to the Bahama Islands and took 20,000 of film showing divers at work, some wonderful rock and vegetable formations, and a great variety of fish in their natural element. In the photograph above the motion-picture man is going down in a collapsible, flexible metal tube connecting the boat with the submerged chamber. Standing over him are J. E. Williamson (left) and G. M. Williamson.



A West Indian negro shark fighter, the most daring and skillful in the Bahamas, killing a big man-eater before the camera 30 feet under the water. He seized the fish by the fin with one hand and ripped it open with a knife in the other. Shark fighting is a popular sport in the West Indies and Central America



Make Every Road A Lincoln Highway

Don't wait for good roads—make them. Get big car comfort from your light, economical Ford by Smoothing out the Rough Roads with



Road Smoothers
Quickly applied to your Ford Car

Three K-W Features

A helical spring to take up the shock. An Air Chamber to check the rebound. Anti-side-motion-links to prevent side rocking and consequent skidding, turning corners.

K-W Quality

Taking the bumps is the hardest kind of work, but the quality built into K-W Road Smoothers enables them to give efficient service during the life of the car because the principle is right—the design is right—and the workmanship and materials are of the highest quality.

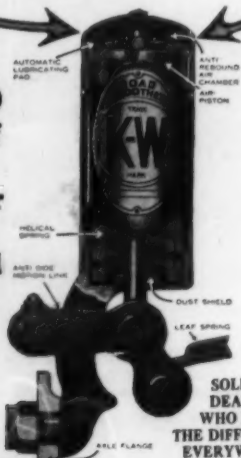
We use no cheap castings, but instead, high-grade, heat-treated drop forgings, whose toughness defies the roughest roads—electric smelted chrome-vanadium steel springs, gauged accurately and thoroughly tested. Extra heavy phosphor bronze bushings throughout. During the process of manufacture every part is under rigid inspection, a feature that makes possible our broad guarantee.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

There is only one Road Smoother—Don't confuse with ordinary shock absorbers or auxiliary springs. Look for the name "K-W ROAD SMOOTHER." Write for book-let "Taking out the Bumps."

THE K-W IGNITION CO.
2554 Chester Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the 100,000 K-W Master Vibrators

\$25 Set of Four One for Each Wheel



SOLD BY DEALERS WHO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE EVERYWHERE

A Cure for Lumbago

(Continued from page 6)

"Yes, Chicago is a live town all right," said Small, "but about this golf proposition, now: I'm getting the hang of the thing, Colonel. If I didn't lose so many balls—"

"You have a fine, natural swing," said the Colonel in a tone soft as corn silk. "A trifle less power, my friend, and you will get better direction."

WELL, it was too much for me. I didn't care much for Small, but I hated to see him walk into ambush with his eyes open. I left him and the Colonel hobnobbing over their highballs, and went into the locker room, where I found Archie.

"Look here!" I said. "That old pirate is after your friend. Colonel Jimmy heard Small make that fool bet on the eighteenth tee, and you know what a leech he is when soft money is in sight. He's after him."

"So soon?" said Archie. "Quick work."

"Well, don't you think Small ought to be warned?"

Archie laughed.

"Warned about what?"

"Don't be more of an ass than usual, Archie. The Colonel has got him out there, telling him about Chicago. You know what that means, and a fellow that bets as recklessly as Small does—"

"I can't do anything," said Archie.

"Small is of age."

"But you wouldn't let him go up against a cinch?"

"Small has been up against cinches all his life. That's how he made his money."

"That's how he'll lose it, too. I'll put a flea in his ear if you don't."

"Bill," said Archie, "I've made it a rule never to open my mouth in any gambling game unless my money was on the table. Understand? Then, whatever happens, there's no comeback at me. Think it over."

"But the man is your guest!"

"Exactly. He's my guest. If you see fit to warn him—" Archie shrugged his shoulders.

WELL, what could I say after that? I took my shower bath and dressed. Then I went into the lounging room. Small was, if anything, a trifle noisier than ever.

"Any game that I can bet on is the game for me," said he, "but I hate a piker. Don't you hate a piker, Colonel?"

"A man," said Colonel Jimmy, "should never bet more than he can afford to lose—cheerfully."

"Cheerfully. That's the ticket! You're a sport, Colonel. I can see it in your eye. You don't holler when you lose. Now, Colonel, what would you consider a good stiff bet, eh? How high would you go? This kindergarten business wouldn't appeal to either one of us, would it? You wait till I go around this course a few times and I'll make you a real bet—one that will be worth playing for, eh? What's the most you ever played for, Colonel?" It was like casting pearls before swine and he wasn't my guest, but I did what I could for him.

"Mr. Small," said I, "if you're going in to town there's room in my car for you."

"Thanks. I'm stopping here at the club. Archie fixed me up with a room. The Colonel is going to stay and have dinner with me, ain't you, Colonel? Surest thing you know! He's met a lot of friends of mine out West. Small world, ain't it? Going, eh? Well, behave yourself! . . . Now then, Colonel, gimme a few more days of this cow-pasture pool and I'll show you what a real bet looks like!"

I LEFT the wolf and the lamb together, and I don't mind admitting that I liked one as well as the other.

Business took me out of town for ten days, and when I returned home I was told that Archie had been telephoning me all the morning. I rang him at his office.

"Oh, hello, Bill! You're back just in

time for the big show. . . . Eh? Oh, Colonel Jimmy is due for another attack of lumbago this afternoon. . . . Small telephoned me last night that he was complaining a little. . . . The goat? Why, Small, of course! The chinless boy is playing alone these days; better pickings elsewhere. . . . Yes, you oughtn't to miss it. See you later. 'Bye."

NOW, very little happens at Meadowmead, in the clubhouse or on the links, without David Cameron's knowledge. The waiters talk, the steward gossips, the locker-room boys repeat conversations which they overhear, and the caddies are worse than magpies. David, listening patiently and rubbing his ear, comes by a great deal of interesting information. I felt certain that he would have a true line on the wool market. I found him sitting in front of his shop. He was wearing a collar and tie, which is always a sign that he is at liberty for the afternoon. "You're dressed up today, David," said I.

"Ay," said he, "I'm thinkin' I'll be a gallery."

"Is there a match?"



"I'll make you a business proposition, Colonel. Double or quits on the last hole?"

"Ay, a money match. The terms were agreed on at eleven this mornin'. The Cur-nel is gruntin' an' groanin' with the lumbago again. Muster Small has taken a cruel advantage of the auld man. A cruel advantage."

"What are they playing for?" I asked. David rolled his eyes full upon me and regarded me steadily without blinking. "A thousand dollars a side," said he quietly.

"What?"

"Ay. Posted in the safe. Muster Small wanted to make it for two. It was a compromise."

"But, man, it's highway robbery! One thousand dollars!"

David continued to look at me fixedly. "Do ye ken, Muster Bell," said he at last, "that's precisely what I'm thinkin' it is mysel'—juist highway robbery."

"What handicap is he giving Small?"

"None. Muster Small wouldna listen to it. He said the Cur-nel was a ready handicapped wi' auld age, lumbago, an' auld feet. His remarks were quite personal, ye'll understand, an' he counted down the notes on the table an' blethered an' howled an' reminded the Cur-nel that he had lost three hundred to him the last week. The auld gentleman was fair be-damned an' bullied into makin' the match, an' he was in such a towerin' rage he could scarce write a check. . . . Ay, I'm thinkin' it will be a divertin' match to watch."

ARCHIE arrived just as Small and Colonel Jimmy started for the first tee. We formed the gallery, with David Cameron trailing along unobtrusively in the rear, sucking reflectively on a briar pipe. The Colonel gave us one look, which said very plainly that he hoped we would choke, but thought better of it and dropped back to shake hands and explain his position in the matter.

"Pretty stiff money match, isn't it, Colonel?" asked Archie.

"And surely you're not playing him even?" said I. "No handicap?"

Colonel Jimmy had the grace to blush; I wouldn't have believed he knew how. I suppose if you should catch a wolf in a sheepfold the wolf would blush too—

not because he felt that he was doing anything wrong by his own standards, but because of the inferences that might be drawn from the wool in his teeth. The Colonel didn't in the least mind preying on lambs, but he hated to have a gallery catch him at it. He hastened to explain that it was all the lamb's fault.

He said that he found himself in an unfortunate situation because he had allowed his temper to get away from him and had "answered a fool according to his folly." He blamed Small for forcing him into a position where he might falsely be accused of taking an unfair advantage. He whined pitifully about his lumbago—the worst attack he remembered—and earnestly hoped that "the facts would not be misrepresented in any way." He also said that he regretted the entire incident and had offered to call off the match, but had been grossly insulted and accused of having cold feet.

"It isn't that I want the man's money," said he, "but I feel that he should have a lesson in politeness!"

ON the whole, it was a very poor face for a wolf to wear. He groaned some more about his lumbago, which he said was killing him by inches, and went forward to join Small on the tee.

"The old pirate!" said Archie. "He wasn't counting on any witnesses, and our being here is going to complicate matters. Did you get what he said about hoping the facts would not be misrepresented? He's wondering what we'll tell the other members, and for the looks of the thing he won't dare rook Small too badly. Our being here will force him to make the match as close as he can."

"Yes," said I, "there ought to be some pretty fair comedy."

Small came over to us while the Colonel was feeling his ball. He looked bigger and rawer than ever in white flannel, and he didn't seem in the least worried about his bet. He was just as offensive as ever, and I could appreciate the Colonel's point about giving him a lesson in politeness.

AS early as the first hole it became evident—painfully so—that Colonel Jimmy was out to make the match a close one at any cost. It would never do to give Small the impression that his pockets had been picked. In order to make him think that he had had a run for his money, the Colonel had to play as bad golf as Small—and he did it, shades of Tom Morris and other departed golfers, he did it!

Bad golf is a depressing spectacle to watch, but deliberately bad golf, cold-blooded, premeditated and studied out in advance, is a crime, and that is the only word which fits Colonel Jimmy's shameless exhibition. His only excuse was that it needed criminally bad golf to make the match seem close. The old fellow's driving was atrocious, he slopped and flubbed his iron shots in a disgusting manner, and his putting would have disgraced a blind man. Lumbago was his alibi, and he worked it overtime for our benefit. After every shot he would drop his club, clap his hands on his back, and groan like an entire hospital ward.

The only noticeable improvement in Small's playing was that he managed somehow or other to keep his ball on the course, though the lopsided, thumb-handed, clubfooted way he went at his shots was enough to make angels weep. Then, too, he didn't have so much to say and didn't yell after he hit the ball.

THIRTEEN holes they played, and I venture the statement that nothing like that match has ever been seen since the time when golf balls were stuffed with feathers. By playing just as badly as he knew how, getting into all the bunkers, and putting everywhere but

The Men Who Flirt With Death

Racing automobile drivers take their lives in their hands every time they enter a race—and the greatest risk they run is that of friction.

Think of the tremendous strain put on every bearing, the enormous heat generated. Let one little bearing get dry and—Zing!—Mr. Driver keeps right on going to the Pearly Gates.

What is the safeguard?

DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

Every well-informed racing driver lubricates his car with Dixon's Graphite Lubricants. He knows that the bearings, when so lubricated, are safe.

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DIXON'S Graphite Grease 677 for Transmissions and Differentials

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Write for "Words of Wisdom from the Speed Kings" and the Dixon Lubricating Chart.

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company
Jersey City, N. J.



Established in 1827

straight at the cup, Colonel Jimmy arrived on the fourteenth tee all square with Small. They had each won two holes; the others had been halved in scandalous figures.

I COULD tell by the way the Colonel messed the fourteenth hole that he wanted to halve that too. He certainly didn't try to win it. Small's fifth shot was in the long grass just off the edge and to the right of the putting green. Colonel Jimmy laid his sixth within three feet of the cup.

"Boy, give me that shovel!" said Small, and the caddy handed him a niblick. It wasn't really a bad lie, but the ball had to be chopped out of three inches of grass.

"In a case of this kind," said Small, "I guess you trust to luck, what?" He played a short chop shot and the ball went hopping toward the pin, hit the back of the cup with a plunk, and dropped for a six. Of course it was a pure accident.

"Fluke!" said Colonel Jimmy, rather annoyed.

"Sure!" said Small. "But it wins the hole just the same!"

I knew then that the comedy was over for the day. Four holes remained to be played, and the Colonel was one down. It was never his policy to leave anything to chance. He would run the string out at top speed. David Cameron came up from the rear.

"They'll play golf from here in," he whispered.

"They!" said I. "One of 'em will!"

"Do ye really think so?" said David.

OUR Number Fifteen is 278 yards long, over perfectly level ground. There are bunkers to the right and left of the putting green and a deep sand trap behind it. It is a short hole, but the sort of one which needs straight shooting and an accurate pitch. Of all the holes on the course, I think it is the Colonel's favorite.

"My honor, eh?" said Small. "That being the case, I guess I'll just rap it out of the lot!"

He didn't bother to measure the distance or take a practice swing. He didn't even address the ball. He walked up to it and swung his driver exactly as a man would swing a baseball bat—tremendous power but no form whatever—and the wonder is that he hit it clean. A white speck went sailing up the course, rising higher and higher in the air. When the ball stopped rolling it was 260 yards from the tee and on a direct line with the pin.

"Beat that!" said Small.

Colonel Jimmy didn't say anything, but he grunted whole volumes. It takes more than a long drive to rattle that old reprobate. He whipped his ball 200 yards down the course and stepped off the tee so well satisfied with himself that he forgot to groan and put his hands on his back. Small laughed.

"Lumbago not so bad now, eh?" said he.

"I—I may be limbering up a bit," said the Colonel. "The long drive isn't everything, you know; it's the second shot that counts!"

"All right," said Small. "Let's see one!"

COLONEL JIMMY studied his lie for some time and went through all the motions, but when the shot came it was a beauty—a mashie pitch which landed his ball five feet from the cup.

"Beat that one!" said he.

"I'll just do that thing!" said Small. And he did. Of course he had a short approach, as approaches go, but even so I was not prepared to see him play a push shot and rim the cup, leaving his ball stone dead for a three. Colonel Jimmy was not prepared to see it either, and I have reason to believe that the push shot jarred the old rascal from his rubber heels upward. He went about the sinking of that five-foot putt with as much deliberation as if his thousand dollars depended on it. He sucked in his breath and got down on all fours—a man with lumbago couldn't have done it on a bet—and he studied the roll of the turf for a full minute—studied it to some purpose, for when he tapped the ball it ran straight and true into the cup, halving the hole.

"You're getting better every minute!" said Small. "I'm some little lumbago specialist, believe me!"

Colonel Jimmy didn't answer, but he looked thoughtful and just the least mite worried. One down and three to

go for a thousand dollars—it's a situation that will worry the best of 'em.

Number Sixteen was where the light dawned on me. It is a long, tricky hole—bogey 6, par 5—and if the Colonel hadn't made another phenomenal approach, laying his ball dead from fifty yards off the green, Small would have won that too. They halved in fives, but it was Small's second shot that opened my eyes. He used a cleek where most players would try a brassie, and he sent the ball screaming toward the flag—220 yards—and at no time was it more than ten feet from the ground. I was behind him when he played, and I can swear that there wasn't an inch of hook or slice on that ball. The cleek is no club for a novice. I remembered the niblick shot on the fourteenth. That was surely a fluke, but how about the push shot on fifteen? English professionals have written whole books about the push shot, but mighty few men have ever learned to play it. Putting that and the cleek shot together, the light broke in on me—and my first impulse was to kick Archie MacBride.

I DON'T know who Colonel Jimmy I wanted to kick, but he looked as if he would relish kicking somebody. He had been performing sums in mental addition, too, and he got the answer about the same time that I did.

"It's queer about that lumbago," said Small again.

"Yes," snapped the old man, "but it's a lot queerer the way you've picked up this game in the last two holes!"

"Well," and Small laughed, "you remember that I warned you I never could play for pliker money, Colonel—that is, not very well."

Colonel Jimmy gave him a look that was all wolf—and cornered wolf at that. He answered Small with a nasty sneer.

"So you can't play well unless big money is bet, eh? That is exactly what I'm beginning to think, sir!"

"At any rate," said Small, "I've cured your lumbago for you, Colonel. You can charge that thousand to doctor bills!"

Colonel Jimmy gulped a few times, his neck swelled and his face turned purple. There wasn't a single thing he could find to say in answer to that remark. He started for the seventeenth tee, snarling to himself. I couldn't stand it any longer. I drew Archie aside.

"I think you might have told me," I said.

"Told you what?"

"Why, about Small—if that's his name. What have you done? Rung in a professional on the old man?"

"Professional, your grandmother!" said Archie. "Small is an amateur in good standing. Darned good standing. If the Colonel knew as much about the Middle West as he pretends to know, he'd have heard of Small. Wonder how the old boy likes the Chicago method of shearing a pig?"

THE old boy didn't like it at all, but the seventeenth hole put the crown on his rage and mortification. Small drove another long straight ball, and after the Colonel had got through sneering about that he topped his own drive, slopped his second into a bunker, and reached the green in five when he should have been there in two. I thought the agony was over, but I didn't give Small credit for cat-and-mouse tendencies.

"In order to get all the good out of this lumbago treatment," said he, "it ought to go the full eighteen holes." Then, with a deliberation that was actually insulting, he played his second shot straight into a deep sand trap. I heard a queer clucking, choking noise behind me, but it was only David Cameron doing his best to keep from laughing out loud.

"Muster Small is puttin' the shoe on the other foot!" said David. "Ay, it's his turn to waste a few now."

"Cheer up, Colonel!" said Small. "You fooled away a lot of shots early in the match—on account of your lumbago, of course. I'm just as generous as you are when it comes to halving holes with an easy mark." To prove it Small missed a niblick shot a foot, but pitched out on his fourth, and, by putting all over the green, finally halved the hole.

WHEN Small stood up on the eighteenth tee for his last drive he looked over at the Colonel and nodded his head. "Colonel?" said he.

Colonel Jimmy grunted—rather a profane grunt, I thought.



THE AFTER-SUPPER PIPE

*Thar's a hour in th' evenin'
That seems to crown th' day,
Sorter smoothes out all th' wrinkles
An' chases care away,
An' lets in glad contentment
Wherever shadders lay—
It's th' hour of the after-supper pipe.*

*It's a time when soldiers gather
'Round th' far camp fires bright,
An' th' soldiers in life's battle,
Weary with a hard day's fight,
Join th' million other fellers
That are settin' down tonight,
To a restful, peaceful after-supper pipe.*

Velvet Joe

WHEN you light your after supper pipe to-night, think of the thousands of men who are finding rest and peace after a good day's work, and are joining you in the free-masonry of a pipe of VELVET. Flash these other good fellows a "Luck to you, old man"—via VELVET wireless!

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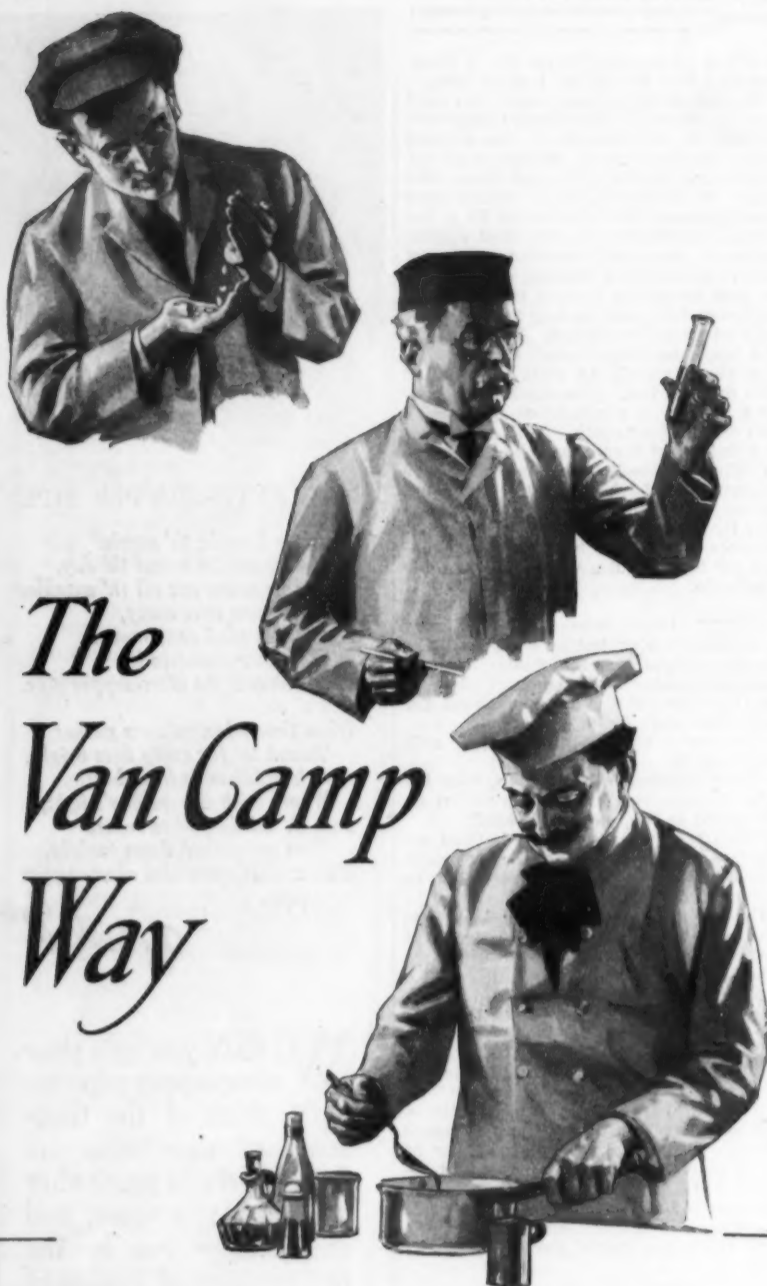


5c Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Coupons of Value with VELVET

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The Van Camp Way

We Don't Bake Beans Like Mother's

Pies "like mother used to bake" may be the ideal pies. But not her Beans.

Mother's Beans were almost indigestible.

Some were hard and some mushy, some crisped and some soggy. For mother lacked all of the modern facilities.

Contrast them with Van Camp's Beans, in the year 1914. A famous food expert selects the materials. Chemists test them by analysis. Then master chefs prepare them.

Tomatoes are specially grown for the sauce, and picked when ruddy red. Modern steam ovens bake the sauce and the beans together.

Note the result. Beans mellow and whole, uncrisped and unbroken. A zest that's irresistible. The old commonplace dish—the old once-a-week dish—has become the daily delicacy. And Science, for the first time, gives this dish its approval.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH
TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Come to modern cookery. We know things now, in every line, undreamed of in the old days. Cucumbers are as much like melons as Van Camp's are like old-time Beans.

Experts, scientists, chefs and inventors have been working 20 years on Van Camp's Pork and Beans. And no other kitchen in all the world produces an equal dish.

It comes to you ready-baked. Heat it in the can and it comes to your table with all the fresh oven flavor. Keep the pantry shelf filled with it, and dinners and luncheons are ready any time.

And you buy this perfection—all this skill and this quality—for only three cents per serving. Go and compare it with the Beans you know. Let your own good sense—your own good taste—prove the wisdom of Van Camp's.

You'll never find anything like it.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(327)

"Dormie!" said Small.

"Confound it, sir! You talk too much!"
"So I've heard," said Small. "I'll make you a business proposition, Colonel. Double or quits on the last hole? I understand that's what you do when you're sure you can win. Two thousand or nothing?... No? Oh, all right! No harm done, I suppose?"

COLONEL JIMMY had a burglar's chance to halve the match by winning the last hole, and he fought for it like a cornered wolf. They were both on the green in threes, Small ten feet from the cup and the Colonel at least fifteen. If he could sink his putt and Small should miss his, the match would be square again.

The old man examined every blade of grass between his ball and the hole. Three times he set himself to make the putt, and then got down to take another look at the roll of the green—proof that his nerve was breaking at last. When he finally hit the ball it was a weak, fluttering stroke, and though the ball rolled true enough, it stopped four feet short of the cup.

"Never up, never in!" said Small. "Well, here goes for the thousand-dollar

doctor bill! Lumbago is a very painful ailment, Colonel. It's worth something to be cured of it." Colonel Jimmy didn't say a word. He looked at Small and then he turned and looked at MacBride. All his smooth and oily politeness had deserted him; his little tricks and hypocrisies had dropped away and left the wolf exposed—snarling and showing his teeth. I thought that he was going to throw his putter at Archie, but he turned and threw it into the lake instead—into the middle, where the water is deep. Then he marched into the clubhouse, stiff as a ramrod, and so he missed seeing Small sink his ten-foot putt.

"An' ye were really surprised?" said David Cameron to me.

"I was," said I. "When did you find it out, David?"

"Come out to the shop," said the professional. He showed me a list of the players rated by the Western Golf Association. A man by the name of Small was very close to the top—very close indeed.

WE don't know whether the Colonel is going to lay the case before the committee or not. If he does, we shall have to explain why he has not had an attack of lumbago since.

Money and the Movies

(Continued from page 12)

show" at the cross-roads hamlet to the \$1,000,000 Broadway palace, unfold the wonders of the films every day. No phase of a living industry replete with startling change is more packed with human interest than this one.

The original exhibitors were a motley lot—peddlers, artisans, showmen, and amusement soldiers of fortune—all drawn to what seemed to be a new way to turn a quick dollar. But that dollar, in many instances, sprouted into a fortune because the soil on which it fell proved to be a miracle field. Likewise some of these early exploiters, as you shall now see, have become monarchs of the movies. Two cases, a one-time clothing clerk who became a producing magnate and an erstwhile vender of slot-machine diversion who emerged as king of exhibitors, will illustrate a romantic evolution almost without precedent in modern business. One day back in the eighties a poor German had landed from the steerage in New York. After being stranded for weeks he got in touch with a brother in Chicago; joined him there and worked as messenger, wrapper, and finally clerk in various stores. Then he became manager of a retail clothing establishment in Oshkosh and rendered such a good account of himself that he was given a share of the profits. He saved up a few thousand dollars and decided to start a 5 and 10 cent store somewhere. With his money in his pocket he went to Chicago to look over the field.

On a rainy afternoon he thought he would seek some diversion. Walking down State Street near the Palmer House he saw a lurid sign advertising a motion-picture show whose admission fee was 5 cents. Anything with the nickel label interested him at that moment, so he went inside and thus for the first time Carl Laemmle looked upon the marvel of the animated picture. He remained all the afternoon and was deeply impressed. As he went out he said to himself: "This is the biggest nickel's worth I ever got."

Somehow the proposition appealed to him. Here might be just the chance his savings were clamoring for. Then he did a characteristic thing, for he said:

"I'll just see how many people pay money to go into this show." So he stationed himself on the curb and with a pencil kept record on the back of an envelope of the number of patrons that streamed in between six and nine o'clock. He was amazed at the stream of nickels that poured in.

"Here is the business for me," he declared. Early the next morning he went around to see his only friend in Chicago, R. H. Cochran, who was then conducting the advertising agency that had han-

dled some business for the Oshkosh firm. In great excitement Laemmle rushed up to him and said:

"I've struck a great business. There are millions in it!" Then he told about the picture show. Of course Cochran laughed at him, but Laemmle persisted. That very day he hired a small store over on Milwaukee Avenue, started a picture show, and the profits for the first week were \$150. This was the basis of one of the great fortunes of the motion-picture business of to-day. Two weeks after he had set up shop Laemmle had a second show in operation. Soon he turned to the establishment of an exchange, and in a year had a whole string of them. When the trust put a stop to his supply he started to produce, and out of his revolt grew part of the whole independent movement, of which the Universal Film Company was one concrete expression. He is now head of this huge enterprise.

Cochran, it is worth while adding, who was so skeptical at first, was soon impressed by the swift course of

events that was projecting Laemmle on to fortune. With all his savings, which represented exactly \$2,500, he bought a tenth interest in Laemmle's exchange enterprise. To-day he is vice president of the Universal and an accredited na-



John Bunny

tion-wide force in the business.

Just about the time that Laemmle was getting his first hard knocks, an energetic gamin—Marcus Loew by name—was playing around the streets of the East Side in New York. At six he was selling newspapers; at eight he peddled lemons; at twelve he had started a little periodical called the "East Side Advertiser," for which he solicited advertisements and did all the mechanical work except the actual typesetting.

When he was fourteen he got a job in a fur shop and learned the trade. In three years he was foreman, and before he attained his majority he had put by enough capital to start a modest furriery.

Chance started him on the way to become a movie baron. A friend, starting a penny arcade—the original poor man's theatre—where the first slot machines showing motion pictures were exhibited, persuaded him to join the enterprise. One of his fellow investors, by the way, was David Warfield.

Loew now saw his opportunity. He quit furs for films. In a few years he controlled a chain of picture arcades extending from New York to Ohio. One of his houses was in Fountain Square, Cincinnati. Here began the incident which, probably, more than any other, helped to shape motion-picture theatre destiny in this country.

On a hot afternoon his carpenter ap-

Elmer Apperson's Greatest Triumph

\$1485

*Lightest weight Four—
Less than 2600 pounds
Five Passenger Touring
Car or Roadster—
40 Horsepower*



His New Economical Four at Lowest Price

Five years ago, Elmer Apperson determined to build a *low priced* Apperson Four that would shatter records for low upkeep cost. He has achieved all he hoped for in the new Apperson Light Four. This car expresses his undisputed inventive genius. His priceless experience of 22 years' actual motor car manufacture is embodied in it. He has designed and built the parts in his own factories. He has superintended the construction. He now offers you the *lightest weight Four at \$1485—the car economical.*

Once Apperson cars were sold at \$11,000! Now, the new Four is yours for \$1485! The new car is more perfect than the old. This year, there has been added a body of rarest beauty of stream line design with a wealth of "luxury appointments."

Thousands Demanded This Apperson

Thousands have said: "Apperson is my choice, but I can't pay the price." They knew that the cars were mechanically correct and economical in upkeep. The price barrier has been removed. The low maintenance cost has been further reduced, new beauty added. All this value is possible because Elmer Apperson's cars are—

Manufactured—Not Simply Assembled

July 4, 1894, Elmer and Edgar Apperson tested their first motor car. They realized that the "perfect unit" car could only be obtained when they themselves built the vital parts. That is why 95% of the Apperson parts are designed by them and then built under their supervision in their factories. Thus, they were able five years ago to begin to build this 1915 car.

Makers O. K. Every Car

Elmer and Edgar Apperson will personally superintend the construction of every car made this year, despite the increased production. No car will leave the factory until it is O. K'd. personally by either one of these great engineers. That is an assurance of motor car perfection no other maker offers you.

A Six Marvel

The new Apperson Light Six is part of Elmer Apperson's 1915 triumph. It, too, was determined on five years ago. It is the lightest weight Six per horsepower made. Its 50 horsepower motor will conquer steepest hill or roughest road. It offers ample room for seven passengers. It is just the sort of Six careful buyers will select—beautiful, economical in upkeep, sturdy and dependable—striking values for the price—\$1785.

Cars like this Four and Six cannot be designed in a season. Nor can such results be gained when parts are simply assembled. Hence, these cars will have no real competition.

Latest Apperson Features

Sloping stream-line body.
Beautiful V-shaped radiator.
Tapering hood.
Left hand drive, center control.
Separate unit starting and lighting system.
Magneto ignition.
Tire rim on rear.
Rain vision windshield.
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Especially economical carburetor.
Finest Turkish upholstery.
Ultra brilliant finish.
One-man top.
Switches handy to driver.
Wheel base of Four, 116 inches.
Wheel base of Six, 126 inches.
Surplus power in all models.
Lightest weight cars per horsepower.

Write for Advance Catalog

Your copy of our advanced catalog, containing complete specifications of the New Light Four and Six and of other new Appersons, is ready. Send for it today. It is full of motor car surprises and is beautifully illustrated. Visit the Apperson dealer near you and go over these cars point by point.

Apperson Bros. Automobile Co., Kokomo, Ind.

DEALERS:

This is 1915's greatest business opportunity. Our dealers must be able to give the kind of service Apperson owners are entitled to. Write or wire at once stating qualifications and asking for our attractive dealer's proposition. Maybe the territory in which you live is still open.



The Joke—He Never Thought of B. V. D.

FANNING, mopping and grimacing, "Phew! how hot," *won't* keep you cool, when the sun grills. B. V. D. *will*. It lifts a burden from your body and weight from your mind. You forget the heat, because you're too busy "enjoying life"—lounging, dancing, a game of golf, a bout at tennis, watching a baseball game. Remember that *not all* "Athletic" Underwear is B. V. D.

For your own welfare, fix the B. V. D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. That positively safeguards you. On every B. V. D. garment is sewed



This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE

B.V.D.

BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the Suit.

The

B. V. D. Company,

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London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.





Here is a small, high-grade, high-speed, Reflecting Camera that will make the kind of pictures you have always wanted.

The Auto Graflex Junior

2 1/4 x 3 1/4

With f. 4.5 lens (B. & L. Zeiss Tessar Series Ic or Cooke Series II) \$66.00

With f. 6.3 lens (Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat) 53.50

With this camera you can make snap shots on dark or cloudy days, or even indoors. On bright days, when the sun is shining, you can make exposures as short as 1-1000 of a second, if you wish. And there is no uncertainty. When you look in the focusing hood you see the image right side up, the size it will appear in the finished picture, up to the instant of exposure. There is neither focusing scale nor finder.

Our 64-page illustrated catalog shows the way to better pictures. May we send you a copy?

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

proached Loew and told him that a man had started a motion-picture theatre over in Covington, which is just across the river. This interested the New Yorker, so he visited the place. He found the show rigged up in a private house; the front hall was the lobby; the parlors served as auditorium; the proprietor sold admissions. As soon as he assembled a handful of people he closed the "box office," which was a dry-goods case, acted as doorkeeper, and when the "crowd" was seated—on camp stools—he locked the front door and started the entertainment. He operated the machine, and as he turned the crank he gave an impromptu lecture. At the conclusion he made this announcement: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I have a colored porter here who can do a monologue or a contortion act to wind up the performance. Which do you prefer?"

I cite this incident, first, to show the crudeness of the start of the independent motion-picture theatre in this country; second, because it impressed Loew so deeply that he hurried back to Cincinnati, turned his arcade into a picture house, and thus helped to inaugurate the great chain of "store shows"—literally stores converted into places of amusement—where the general public in seats got its initial glimpse of the wonders of the film.

At the present time Loew's name gleams in electric lights on twenty-eight picture theatres—including two big ones on Broadway—in Greater New York alone, while more than two hundred others, many combining vaudeville with the films, stretching from ocean to ocean, call him master. As a matter of fact, he owns or controls more playhouses than any other individual in the world. This one-time East Side newsboy is a multimillionaire, and the nickels of the average man made him one.

One more episode will serve to show in another way the extraordinary advance in the picture theatre. Exactly six years ago a young insurance agent, S. L. Rothapel, settled down in Forest City, Pa., because he happened to marry a girl whose father lived there. It was in the center of the hard-coal-mining district; there was little opportunity for writing policies there, so he started a picture show over a saloon in a side street. He rented 250 undertaker's chairs on which to seat his audience. The admission fee was 10 cents. Rothapel operated the projecting machine, kept the phonograph going (it was the only music), and, when the occasion demanded, acted as bouncer when some drink-laden Slav got boisterous. To-day he is manager of the Strand Theatre on Broadway in New York, which represents an investment of over \$1,000,000, which seats 3,500 people, and which is the newest and most elaborate house dedicated to the silent drama in the United States. Such is the swift evolution of some of the men connected with picture showing.

Millions in Nickels

THE admission to the movie theatre has steadily risen. Only a few years ago 10 cents was the standard. Now some of the finer houses get 50 cents. At the Vitagraph Theatre in New York—once the Criterion and the home of many famous dramatic productions—you can get \$1 seats. This is the first instance where a big producing company shows its films in its own theatre.

Here, as elsewhere in the business, it is difficult to get at actual financial facts. The theatres themselves cover a wide range (rents vary from \$500 a year and less for the store show up to \$50,000 a year for the converted Broadway Theatre), and the price of film service has a long range. A man with a small theatre can get a weekly service of three or four reels a day for as low as \$40 or \$50 a week. Of course these are a long way from being first runs, but they meet the requirements of a not too discriminating neighborhood. The bigger houses have to pay from \$150 to \$300 a week for films and in the case of exceptional films the cost is even greater.

The small theatres sometimes play to as much as \$900 a week. One house of this kind that I happen to know about in New York clears not less than \$300 every

week and sometimes more. A fine new theatre such as the Regent in Harlem, New York, has had a week's gross business of \$3,000. It may be set down that the average motion-picture-theatre owner can usually count on a profit of not less than 25 per cent and many clean up more.

The well-established picture theatre is a gold mine, for the interesting reason that it has a really loyal following. This is not true of the regular speaking playhouse. The legitimate theatre keeps its clientele only so long as it has a successful show. Put in a poor offering and the seats that groaned the week before under a delighted humanity are bare. Hence the movie manager can count on a definite income seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year. Here is where he has all the advantage over his theatrical brother.

Figures That Dazzle

THE statistics about the motion-picture theatre are little short of dazzling, especially when you reduce them to popular terms that everyone can comprehend at a glance. Take, for instance, the mere item of the daily admission fees of \$1,000,000. Reduce this sum to nickels and pile them up and you get a shaft of metal higher than the Woolworth Building (the tallest commercial structure in the world) with Trinity Church of New York as a capstone.

Consider the attendance. More people go to see the movies every day now than lived in the whole United States at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In a year they represent the entire population of the world!

The total investment in the theatres—estimated at \$500,000,000 of which \$100,000,000 are in Greater New York alone—is greater than the value of our whole

boot and shoe output, or five times the net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation last year.

And to give a final evidence of the far-reaching scope of the screens in these institutions I have only to add that a single reel,



Mary Pickford

shown on its regular journey throughout the country and not duplicated anywhere, will reach 15,000,000 people, or more persons than a legitimate company would play to if it traveled twenty years and gave a performance every day of the year.

Thus startling facts fairly tread on each other in the revelation of the inner side of this most remarkable of all commercial enterprises.

The Men Behind the Films

YOU have now seen the unfolding of the gilded film of movie finance; what of the personality of the men behind the glittering record? Here you find a galaxy of rough-hewn millionaires whose rise to fortune is as striking in its way as that of Carnegie, Frick, or Rogers. Who, then, are these captains of our newest industry?

A few years ago you could compress the gallery into a comparatively small space; now you have a long list in which self-made history has constantly repeated itself. So scant is the remaining space that it will only be possible to take a hasty glimpse at it.

Take the first big group of stalwarts who blazed the triumphant path of film fortune. Everyone stepped from overalls to silk. Nowhere can you uncover a more moving narrative of achievement, for you have such examples as Sigmund Lubin, the penniless German lad who was graduated from optician's bench to movie monarch; J. Stuart Blackton, the vaudeville crayon artist, his side partner Albert Smith, a magician, and William Rock, the one-time circus side-show manager, who formed the triumvirate that registered an epoch in the business; William N. Selig, who went from making lantern slides to making millions; George Spoor, who ran a country opera house in Illinois and who now has interests that stretch from sea to sea; J. J. Kennedy—the Francis Lynde Stetson of the game—who gridironed the West with the conquering Harriman rails and then built up a whole new picture empire, and all the rest of their associates.

Turn to the independent wing and you find a no less amazing transformation. You have already seen something of its

caliber in the story of Carl Laemmle, and his is simply typical of his colleagues, who include men like P. A. Powers, once a blacksmith and now a factor in the feature domain.

Nor must we forget Adolph Zukor, the Hungarian immigrant who became brother furrier to Loew and with him rose to wealth. His discerning eye first beheld the vision of famous star in famous play on the film. He brought about an artistic era in the business, for he persuaded Daniel Frohman to join the picture host.

Youngest but one of the ablest of the magnates, and representing a large cycle of independence in the movement, is H. E. Altken, who maintains the most picturesque traditions of movie progress. He is farm-born and college-bred, clean-cut and upstanding. At twenty-two he helped to start a life insurance

company; two years later he was colonizing a part of Wisconsin. Here he made what was probably the first practical use of the motion picture. He saw how people were beginning to flock to the screens.

"If these films can sell entertainment, they can sell land," he said.

So he introduced films that proclaimed the desirability of the land he was exploiting and they attracted settlers. This naturally led him into the picture business. He opened an exchange in Milwaukee; soon he had a chain that extended to Missouri. When the trust froze him out he helped to head the insurgents and then when his plans became too big for them he did some insurguring on his own account and formed the Mutual Film Company, of which he is president and the dominating force. At thirty-six he is one of the dictators in the industry.

Bealby

(Continued from page 10)

"I sent you into exile for a month," and she held out a hand for the Captain to kiss. He kissed it.

Some day, somewhere, it was written in the book of destiny Bealby should also kiss hands. It was a lovely thing to do.

"Month! It's been years," said the Captain. "Years and years."

"Then you ought to have come back before," she replied and the Captain had no answer ready. . . .

WHEN William arrived with the water cart, he brought also further proofs of the Professor's organizing ability.

He brought various bottles of wine, red Burgundy and sparkling hock, two bottles of elder, and peculiar and meritorious waters; he brought tinned things for hors d'œuvres; he brought some luscious pears.

When he had a moment with Bealby behind the caravan he repeated thrice in tones of hopeless sorrow, "They'll eat um all. I knows they'll eat um all." And then plumping a deeper deep of woe, "Ef they don't they'll count um. Ode Goggles'll bag um. . . . 'E's a bagger, 'e is."

It was the brightest of luncheons that was eaten that day in the sunshine and spaciousness above Winthorpe-Sutbury. Everyone was gay, and even the love-torn Bealby who might well have sunk into an activity that was almost cheerful by flashes from the Professor's glasses.

They talked of this and that; Bealby hadn't much time to attend, though the laughter that followed various sallies from Judy Bowles was very tantalizing, and it had come to the pears before his attention wasn't so much caught as felled by the word "Shonts. . . ."

IT was as if the sky had suddenly changed to vermillion. All these people were talking of Shonts! . . .

"Went there," said Captain Douglas, "in perfect good faith. Wanted to fill up Lucy's little party. One doesn't go to Shonts nowadays for idle pleasure. And then—I get ordered out of the house, absolutely Told to Go."

(This man had been at Shonts!) "That was on Sunday morning?" said Mrs. Geedge.

"On Sunday morning," said Mrs. Bowles suddenly, "we were almost within sight of Shonts."

(This man had been at Shonts even at the time when Bealby was there!)

"Early on Sunday morning. Told to go. I was fairly flabbergasted. What the deuce is a man to do! Where's he to go Sunday? One doesn't go to places Sunday morning. There I'd been sleeping like a lamb all night and suddenly in came Laxton and said: 'Look here, you know,' he said, 'you've got to oblige me and pack your bag and go now.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because you've driven the Lord Chancellor stark staring mad!'"

"But how?" asked the Professor almost angrily, "how? I don't see it. Why should he ask you to go?"

"I don't know!" cried Captain Douglas. "Yes, but—" said the Professor, protesting against the unreasonableness of mankind.

"I'd had a word or two with him in the train. Nothing to speak of. About occupying two corner seats—always strikes me as a cad's trick—but on my

honor I didn't rub it in. And then he got it into his head we were laughing at him at dinner—we were a bit, but only the sort of thing one says about anyone—way he works his eyebrows and all that—and then he thought I was ragging him. . . . I don't rag people. Got it so strongly he made a row that night. Said I'd made a ghost slap him on his back. Hang it!—what can you say to a thing like that? In my room all the time."

"You suffer for the sins of your brother," said Mrs. Bowles.

"Heavens!" cried the Captain, "I never thought of that! Perhaps he mistook me. . . ."

HE reflected for a moment and continued his narrative. "Then in the night, you know, he heard noises."

"They always do," said the Professor nodding confirmation.

"Couldn't sleep."

"A sure sign," said the Professor.

"And finally he sallied out in the early morning, caught the butler in one of the secret passages—"

"How did the butler get into the secret passage?"

"Going round, I suppose. Part of his duties. . . . Anyhow he gave the poor beggar an awful doing—awful—brutal—black eye—all that sort of thing; man much too respectful to hit back. Finally declared I'd been getting up a kind of rag—squaring the servants to help and so forth. . . . Laxton, I fancy, half believed it. . . . Awkward thing, you know, having it said about that you ragged the Lord Chancellor. Makes a man seem a sort of mischievous idiot. Injures a man. Then going away, you see, seems a kind of admission. . . ."

"Why did you go?"

"Lucy," said the Captain compactly. "Hysterics."

"Shonts would have burst," he added, "if I hadn't gone."

MADELEINE was helpful. "But you'll have to do something further," she said.

"What is one to do?" squealed the Captain.

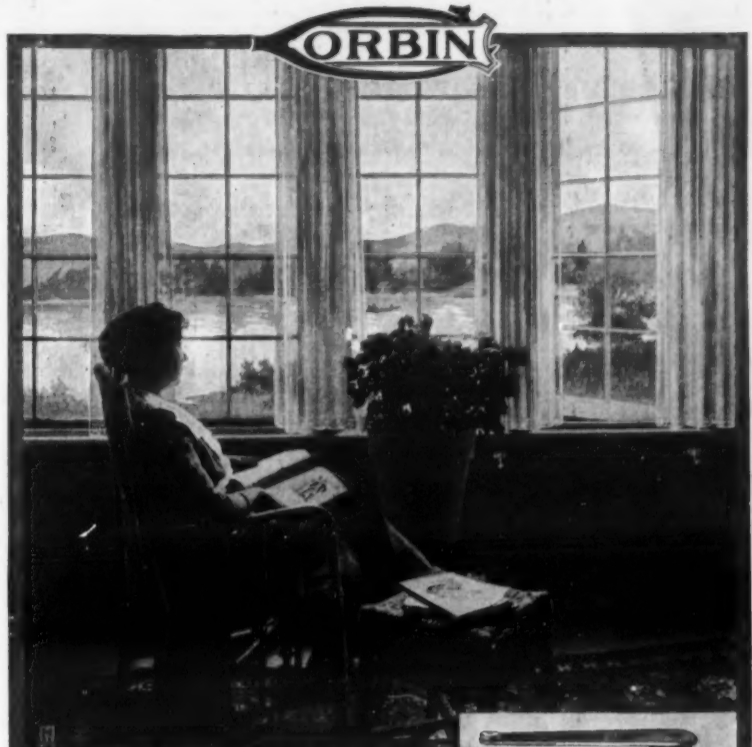
"The sooner you get the Lord Chancellor certified a lunatic," said the Professor soundly, "the better for your professional prospects."

"He went on pretty bad after I'd gone."

"You've heard?"

"Two letters. I picked 'em up at Wheatley post office this morning. You know he hadn't done with that butler. Actually got out of his place and scuffed the poor devil at lunch. Shook him like a rat, she says. Said the man wasn't giving him anything to drink—nice story, eh? Anyhow he scuffed him until things got broken. . . ."

"I had it all from Minnie Timbre—you know, used to be Minnie Flax." He shot a propitiating glance at Madeleine. "Used to be neighbors of ours you know. In the old time. Half the people, she says, didn't know what was happening. Thought the butler was apoplectic and that old Moggeridge was helping him stand up. Taking off his collar. It was Laxton thought of saying it was a fit. Told everybody, she says. Had to tell 'em something, I suppose. But she saw better and she thinks a good many others did. Laxton ran 'em both out of the room. Nice scene for Shonts, eh? Thundering awkward for poor Lucy. Not the sort of thing the county ex-



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The bronze metal handle is all that is seen. Turning it opens or closes the casement window with ease and holds it firmly locked at any point. There is no interference with curtains or shades, or with window screens placed on the inside.

This device makes casements easy to govern and eliminates many objections to this very desirable form of window. Any dealer in Corbin hardware can tell you all about it. Or we will send you descriptive matter upon request. Let us hear from you.

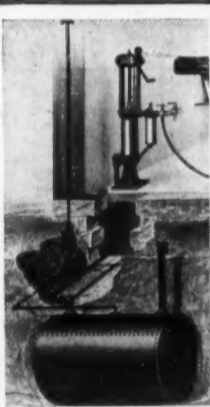
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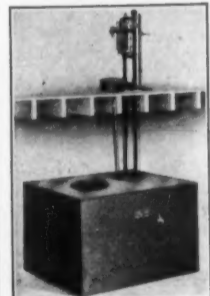
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The Chauffeur Says:—

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"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull"

Is built for road emergencies. It's about 25 ft. of flexible 1/4-inch Yellow Strand wire rope. Coils up flat under a cushion. Weighs but 4 1/2 lbs. Pulls a 4000-lb. car up a 20% grade without a murmur. Genuine "get home insurance". At all supply dealers. \$3.95, east of Rocky Mts.

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pected. Has her both ways. Can't go to a house where the Lord Chancellor goes mad. One alternative. Can't go to a house where the butler has fits. That's the other. See the dilemma? . . .

"I've got a letter from Lucy too. It's here" — he struggled — "See? Eight sheets—pencil. No joke for a man to read that. And she writes worse than any decent, self-respecting, illiterate woman has a right to do. Quivers. Like writing in a train. Can't read half of it. But she's got something about a boy on her mind. Mad about a boy. Have I taken away a boy? They've lost a boy. Took him in my luggage I suppose. She'd better write to the Lord Chancellor. Likely as not he met him in some odd corner and flew at him. Smashed him to atoms. Dispersed him. Anyhow they've lost a boy."

He protested to the world. "I can't go hunting lost boys for Lucy. I've done enough coming away as I did. . . ."

MRS. BOWLES held out an arresting cigarette.

"What sort of boy was lost?" she asked.

"I don't know. Some little beast of a boy. I daresay she'd only imagined it. Whole thing been too much for her."

"Read that over again," said Mrs. Bowles, "about losing a boy. We've found one."

"That little chap?"

"We found that boy"—she glanced over her shoulder, but Bealby was nowhere to be seen—"on Sunday morning near Shonts. He strayed into us like a lost kitten."

"But I thought you said you knew his father, Judy," objected the Professor.

"Didn't verify," said Mrs. Bowles shortly, and then to Captain Douglas. "Read over again what Lady Laxton says about him. . . ."

To be Continued Next Week

Michigan Meanderings

(Continued from page 8)

asked Miss Daisy Buck: "I suppose," I said, "there was some battle here, beside some creek, wasn't there?"

But for once Miss Buck failed me.

"You can search me," she replied. Then: "Did you lunch at the 'San'?"

We admitted it.

"How did you like it?"

We informed her.

"What town are you making next?" she asked.

"Kalamazoo," I said.

"Oh, Ka'zoo, eh? What line are you gentlemen traveling in?"

"I'm a writer," I replied, "and my friend here is an artist. We're going around the country doing articles for COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

In answer to this truthful statement, Miss Buck simply winked one eye as one who would say: "You're some little liar, kid!"

"It's true," I said.

"Oh, sure!" said Miss Buck, and let one eyelid fall again.

"When the article appears in COLLIER'S," I continued, "you will find that it contains an interview with you."

"Also a picture of you and the news stand," my companion added.

Then we heard the train.

Taking up our suit cases, we thanked Miss Buck for the assistance she had rendered us.

"I'm sure you're quite welcome," she replied. "I meet all kinds here—including kidders."

That was some months ago. No doubt Miss Buck may have forgotten us by now. But when she sees this—as, being a news-stand lady, I have reason to hope she will—I trust she may remember, and admit that truth has triumphed in the end.

A Name with a Kick in It

I HAD but one reason for visiting Kalamazoo: the name has always fascinated me with its zoological suggestion and even more with its rich, rhythmic measure. Indian names containing "K's" are almost always striking: Kenosha, Kewanee, Kokomo, Keokuk, Kankakee. Of these, the last two, having the most "K's" are most effective. Next comes Kokomo with two "K's." But Kalamazoo, though it has but one "K," seems to me to take first place among them all, phonetically, because of the finely assorted sound contained in its four syllables. There is a kick in its "K," a ring in its "L," a buzz in its "Z," and a glorious hoot in its two final "O's."

I wish here to protest against the abbreviated title frequently bestowed upon the town by newspapers in Detroit and other neighboring cities. They call it "Ka'zoo."

Ka'zoo, indeed! For shame! How can men take so fine a name and treat it lightly? True, it is a little long for easy handling in a headline, but that does not justify indignity. If headline writers cannot handle it conveniently they should not change the name, but rather change their type, or make-up. If I owned a newspaper, and there arose a question of making space for this majestic name, I should cheerfully drop out a baseball story, or the love letters in some divorce case, or even an advertisement, in order to display it as it deserves to be displayed.

Kalamazoo (I love to write it out!), Kalamazoo, I say, is also sometimes

known familiarly as "Celery Town"—the growing of this vegetable being a large local industry. Also, I was informed, more paper is made there than in any other city in the world. I do not know if that is true. I only know that if there is not more something in Kalamazoo than there is in any other city, the place is unique in my experience.

Calm Literary Domesticity

FROM my own observations, made during an evening walk through the agreeable, tree-bordered streets of Kalamazoo, I should have said that it led in quite a different field. I have never been in any town where so many people failed to pull their window shades, or owned green reading lamps, or sat by those green-shaded lamps and read. I looked into almost every house I passed, and in all but two, I think, I saw the selfsame picture of calm, literary domesticity.

One family, living in a large and rather new-looking house on Main Street, did not seem to be at home. The shades were up but no one was sitting by the lamp. And, more, the lamp itself was different. Instead of a plain green shade it had a shade with pictures in the glass, and red bead fringe. Later I found out where the people were. They were playing bridge across the street. They must have been the people from that house, because there were two in all the other houses, whereas there were four in the house where bridge was being played.

I stood and watched them. The woman from across the street—being the guest, she was in evening dress—was dummy. She was sitting back stiffly, her mouth pursed, her eyes staring at the cards her partner played. And she was saying to herself (and to us, through the window): "If I had played that hand, I never should have done it that way!"

"The Lure of Kalamazoo"

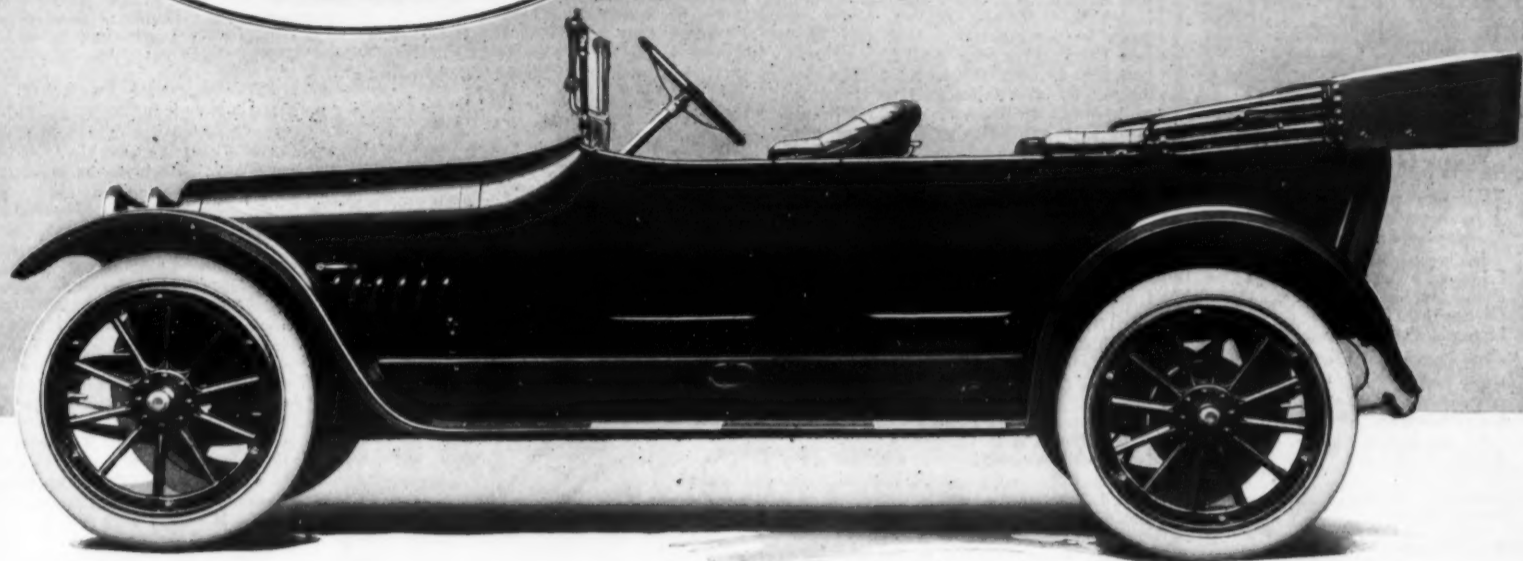
KALAMAZOO has a Commercial Club. What place hasn't? And the Commercial Club has issued a booklet. What Commercial Club hasn't? This one bears the somewhat fanciful title "The Lure of Kalamazoo."

"The Lure of Kalamazoo" is written in that peculiarly chaste style characteristic of Chamber of Commerce "literature"—a style comparable only with that of railway folders and summer hotel booklets. It is the "Here-all-nature-seems-to-be-rejoicing" school. Let me present an extract:

Kalamazoo is peculiarly a city of homes—homes varying in cost from the modest cottage of the laborer to the palatial house of the wealthy manufacturer.

The only place in which the man who wrote that slipped up, was in referring to the wealthy manufacturer's "house." Obviously the word called for there is "mansion." However, in justice to this man, and to Kalamazoo, I ought to add that the town seemed to be rather free from "mansions." That is one of the pleasantest things about it. It is just a pretty, unpretentious place. Perhaps this man actually meant to say "house," but I doubt it. I think he missed a trick. I think he failed to get the right word, just as if he had been writing about brooks, and had forgotten to say "purling."

I saw but one building in Kalamazoo

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STARTING & LIGHTING**

The New Regal—A Great Reception

Here's an average example of what men
who know cars thoroughly are telling us

I'M PROUD to drive such a car." That's what one of the first owners of the new Regal said. And in one form or another, hundreds have already echoed his opinion.

"I never before dreamed" said he, "that I could get a car with a motor developing 39 h. p. on brake test, with lots of room for five people, with so much beauty, and with every convenience, at such a price."

"The design has European smartness in every detail. There's not a break in the smooth lines. The useless side lights have been eliminated—even the radiator cap has been tucked away under the hood."

"I took four friends of mine out in the car—big fellows every one. They're still talking about the room in that big 48-inch tonneau seat, the ample floor space and the driving room in front. They could hardly believe such a big, easy riding car tipped the scales at under 2400 lbs. That special spring suspension is certainly great."

"I'm a rooter for the new Regal, from the one-man top, to the sturdy motor, with the removable head that lets me get at valves and cylinders without a surgical operation. And it's a lot of satisfaction to have a starter that acts directly on the fly-wheel without any intermediate gears to make trouble."

A New Regal Ride Makes a New Regal Rooter

It's impossible not to be enthusiastic about this car. Regal owners are Regal rooters every time. Low up-keep, simplified mechanical construction, a powerful, hill-climbing motor—and all the little conveniences. Look over the specifications. Take them along with you and compare the new Regal with any popular-priced car you ever saw or ever rode in.

The new Regal is an overhung car—a one-chassis car—a big-production car, made in tens of thousands. It is produced by a \$3,000,000 company with a fully equipped ten acre factory.

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Electric Lights, with "Dimmer"	Center Control
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Invisible Radiator Cap	Adjustable Wind Shield
One-Man Top	Inside Curtains.

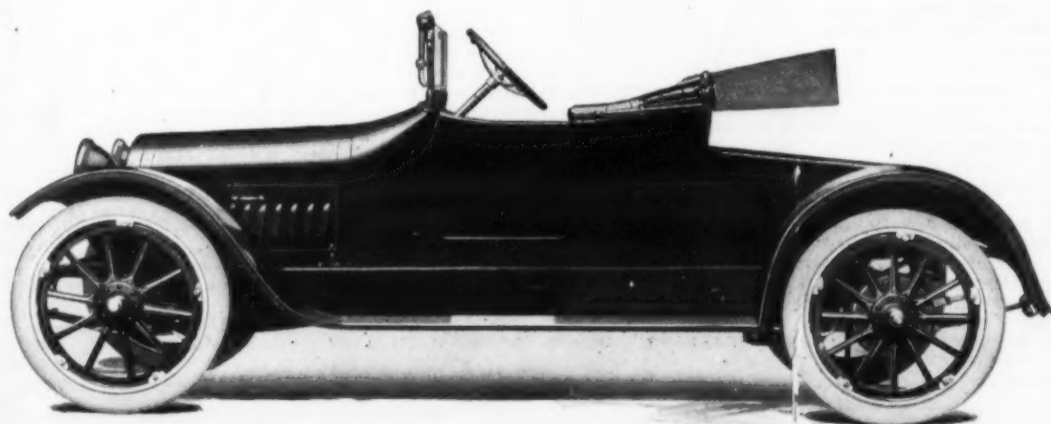
TO DEALERS—The public demand following the announcement of the new Regal exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We must strengthen our organization in every locality to take care of this demand.

Write, wire or come in to the factory and talk it over.

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**Bent
Bones**

Actual X-ray of a
child's foot deformed
by narrow toed shoe.

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Bones**

Actual X-ray of a
child's foot in the natu-
ral-shaped Educator.

The Future of Your Boy's Feet

What will it be?

If he wears pointed shoes, it will be bent bones—corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, flat feet, agony and ache.


But in good-looking, nature-shaped Educators, it will be straight-boned, athletic feet, like those of Thorpe the Olympic hero, or Brickley the great Harvard half-back. Send for

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

a new book in which two New York orthopaedic specialists tell how to have straight-boned feet. Free.

Get your whole family (men, women, children) into Educators. \$1.35 to \$5.50. See that EDUCATOR is branded on the sole. That guarantees you the correct orthopaedic shape which allows your feet to grow as nature intended.

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That is what some say about

MAPLEINE

And you will say the same after trying its differently delicious taste in frosty cakes, puddings, sauces, ices and for flavoring sugar syrup.

1-oz. bottle 20c,
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the architecture of which was distinguished. That was the building of the Western Michigan Normal School—a long, low structure of classical design, with three fine porticos.

Having a Commercial Club, Kalamazoo quite naturally has a "slogan," too. (A "slogan," by the way, is the war cry or gathering cry of a Highland clan—but that makes no difference to a Commercial Club.) It is: "In Kalamazoo We Do."

This battle cry "did" very well up to less than a year ago; then it suddenly began to languish. There was a company in Kalamazoo called the Michigan Buggy Company, and this company had a very sour failure last year, their figures varying from fact to the extent of about a million and a half dollars. Not satisfied with dummy accounts and padded statements, this company had, also, what was called a "velvet pay roll." And, when it all blew up, the whole of Michigan was shaken by the shock. Since that time, I am informed, the slogan "In Kalamazoo We Do" has not been in high favor.

Checking Up the Almanac

AMONG the "lures" presented in the booklet are four hundred and fifty-six lakes within a radius of fifty miles of the city. I didn't count the lakes myself. I didn't count the people either—not all of them.

The World Almanac gives the population of the place as just under forty thousand, but some one in Kalamazoo—and I think he was a member of the Commercial Club—told me that fifty thousand was the correct figure.

Now, I ask you, is it not reasonable to suppose that the Commercial Club, being right in Kalamazoo, where it can count the people every day, should be more accurate in its figures than the Almanac, which is published in far-away New York? Errors like this on the part of the Almanac might be excused, once or twice, on the ground of human fallibility or occasional misprint, but when the Almanac keeps on cutting down the figures given by the Commercial Clubs and Chambers of Commerce of town after town, it begins to look like willful misrepresentation if not actual spietwork.

That, to tell the truth, was the reason I walked around and looked in all the windows. I decided to get at the bottom of this matter—to find out the cause for these discrepancies, and if I caught the Almanac in what appeared to be a deliberate lie, to expose it, here. With this in view I started to count the people myself. Unfortunately, however, I did not start early enough in the evening. When I had only a little more than half of them counted, they began to put out their lights and go upstairs to bed. And, oddly enough, though they leave their parlor shades up, they have a way of drawing those in their bedrooms. I was, therefore, forced to stop counting.

I do not attempt to explain this Kalamazoo custom with regard to window shades. All I can say is that, for whatever reason they follow it, their custom is not cosmopolitan. New Yorkers do things just the other way around. They pull down their parlor shades, but leave their bedroom shades up. Anyone who has lived in a New York apartment house in summer can testify to that. Probably it is all accounted for by the fact that in a relatively small city, like Kalamazoo, the census takers go around and count the people in the early evening, whereas in New York it is necessary for those who make the reckoning to work all night in order to—as one might say—get all the figures.

Grand Rapids the Homelike

I KNOW a man whose wife is famous for her cooking. That is a strange thing for a prosperous and charming woman to be famous for to-day, but it is true. When they wish to give their friends an especial treat, the wife prepares the dinner; and it is a treat, from "pigs in blankets" to strawberry shortcake.

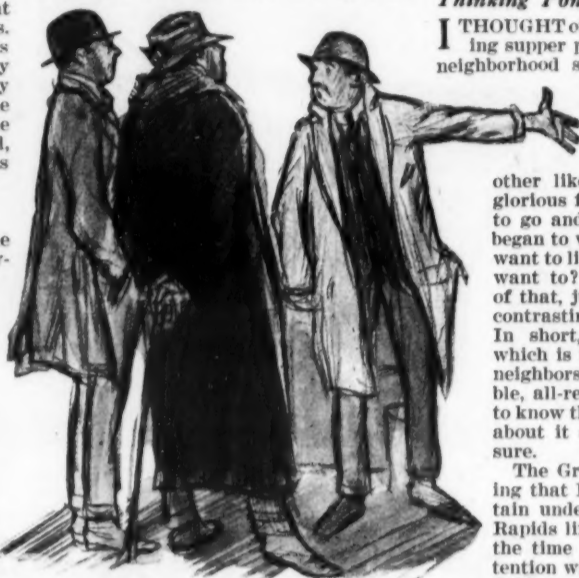
The husband is proud of his wife's cooking, but I have often noticed, and not without a mild amusement, that when we praise it past a certain point he begins to protest that there are lots of other things that she can do. You might think then, if you did not understand him, that he was belittling her talent as a cook.

"Oh, yes," he says, in what he intends to be a casual tone, "she can cook very well. But that's not all. She's the

best mother I ever saw—sees right into the children, just as though she was one of them. She makes most of their clothes, too. And in spite of all that, she keeps up her playing—both piano and harp. We'll get her to play the harp after dinner."

People are like that about the cities that they live in. They are like that in Detroit. They are afraid that in considering the vastness of the automobile industry, you'll overlook the fact that Detroit has a lot of other business. And in Grand Rapids they're the same; only there, of course, it's furniture.

"Yes," they say almost with reluctance, "we do make a good deal of furniture, but we also have big printing



plants and plaster mills, and a large business in automobile accessories, and the metal trades."

They talked that way to me. But I kept right on asking about furniture, just as when the young husband talks to me about his wife's harp playing, I keep right on eating shortcake. That is no reflection on her music (or her arms!); it is simply a tribute to her cooking.

Grand Rapids is one of those exceedingly agreeable, homelike American cities, which has not yet grown to the unwieldy size. It is the kind of city of which they say: "Everyone here knows everyone else"—meaning, of course, that members of the older and more prosperous families enjoy all the advantages and disadvantages of a considerable intimacy.

To the visitor—especially the visitor from New York, where a close friend may be bedridden a month without one's knowing it—this sort of thing makes a strong appeal at first. You feel that these people see one another every day; that they know all about one another, and like one another in spite of that. It is nice to see them troop down to the station, fifteen strong, to see somebody off. It must be nice to be seen off like that. It makes you sure that you have friends—a point upon which the New Yorker has in his heart the gravest doubts.

New York in Contrast

CONSIDER, for example, my own case. In the course of my residence in New York, I have lived in four different apartment houses. In only two of these have I had even the slightest acquaintance with any of the other tenants. Once I called upon some disagreeable people on the floor below who had complained about the noise; once I summoned a doctor who lived on the ground floor. In the other two buildings I knew absolutely no one. I used to see occasionally, in the elevator of one building, a man with whom I was acquainted years ago, but he had either forgotten me in the interim, or he elected to do as I did; that is, to pretend he had forgotten. I had nothing against him; he had nothing against me. We were simply bored at the idea of talking with each other because we had nothing in common of which to talk.

Any New Yorker who is honest will admit to you that he has had that same experience. He passes people on the street—and sometimes they are people he has known quite well in times gone by—yet he refrains from bowing to them, and they refrain from bowing to him, by a sort of tacit understanding that bowing, even, is a bore.

That is a sad sort of situation. But sadder yet is the fact that in New York we lose sight of so many people whom we should like to see—friends of whom we are genuinely fond, but whose revolutions in the whirlpool of the city's life are such that we don't chance to come in contact with them. At first we try. We paddle toward them now and then. But the very act of paddling is fatiguing, so by and by we give it up, and either never see them any more, or, running across them, once in a year or two, on the street or in a shop, lament at the broken intimacy, and make new resolves only to see them melt away again in the flux and flow of New York life.

Thinking Ponderous Thoughts

I THOUGHT of all this at a Sunday evening supper party in Grand Rapids—a neighborhood supper party at which a dozen or more people of assorted ages sat around a hospitable table, arguing, explaining, laughing, and chaffing each

other like members of one great glorious family. It made me want to go and live there, too. Then I began to wonder how long I'd really want to live there. Would I always want to? Or would I grow tired of that, just as I grow tired of the contrasting coldness of New York? In short, I wondered to myself which is the worst: To know your neighbors with a wonderful, terrible, all-revealing intimacy, or—not to know them at all. I have thought about it often, and still I am not sure.

The Grand Rapids "Press" fearing that I might fail to notice certain underlying features of Grand Rapids life, printed an editorial at the time of my visit, in which attention was called to certain things. Said the "Press":

"It isn't immediately revealed to the stranger that this is one of the clearest-thinking communities in the country. The records of the public library show the local demand for books on sociology, on political economy, on the relations of labor and capital, on taxation, on art, on the literature that has some chance of permanency. The topics discussed in the lecture halls, in the social centers, and in the Sunday gatherings, which are so pronounced a feature of church life here, add to the testimony. Ida M. Tarbell noticed that on her first visit. Her impression deepened on her second. . . . Without tossing any bouquets at ourselves it can be said that we are thinking some thoughts which only the elect in other cities dream of thinking."

A Growth of Good Taste

I SHOULD like to make some intelligent comment on this. I feel, indeed, that something very ponderous, and solemn, and authoritative, and learned, and wise, and owl-like, and erudite, ought to be said.

But the trouble is that I am utterly unqualified to speak in that way. I am not one of the elect. If some one called me that, I would knock him down if I could, and kick him full of holes. That is because I think that the elect almost invariably elect themselves. They are intellectual Huertas, and as such I generally detest them. . . . I merely print the "Press's" statement because I think it is interesting, sometimes, to see what a city thinks about itself. For my own part, I should think more of Grand Rapids if, instead of sitting tight and thinking these extraordinary thoughts, it had done more to carry out the plan it had for its own beautification.

That is not to say that it is not a pretty city. It is. But its beauty is of that unconscious kind which comes from hills, and pleasant homes, and lawns, and trees. The kind of beauty that it lacks is conscious beauty, the creation of which requires the expenditure of thought, money, and effort. And, if it does nothing else to indicate its intellectual and esthetic soarings, I should say that it might do well to discard the reading lamp in favor of the crowbar, if only for long enough to take the latter instrument, go down to the park and see what can be done about that chimney which rises so absurdly there.

The lack of coherent municipal taste—or the evidence of it—is all the more a reproach to Grand Rapids for the reason that taste, perhaps above all other

qualities, is the essential characteristic of the city's leading industry.

I used to have an idea that "cheap" furniture came from Grand Rapids. Perhaps it did. Perhaps it still does. I do not know. But I do know that the tour I made through the five acres, more or less, of rooms which make up the show house of Berkey & Gay, afforded me the best single bit of concrete proof I met, in all my travels, of the positive growth of good taste in this country.

Just as the whole face of things has changed architecturally in the last ten or fifteen years, furnishings have also changed. The improved appreciation which makes people build slightly homes makes them fill those homes with furniture of respectable design. People are beginning to know about the history of furniture, to recognize the characteristics of the great English furniture designers and to appreciate the beauty which they handed down.

We went through the warerooms with Mr. Gay, and as I feasted my eyes upon piece after piece, set after set, of Chipendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite, and Adam, I asked Mr. Gay about the renaissance which is upon us. One thing I was particularly curious about: I wanted to know whether the improvement in furniture sprang from popular demand or whether it had been in some measure forced upon the public by the manufacturers.

Mr. Gay told me that the change was

something which originated with the people. "We have always wanted to make beautiful furniture," he said, "and we have helped all we could, but a manufacturer of furniture cannot force either good taste or bad taste upon the people. He has to offer them what they are willing to buy, for they will not buy anything else. I know that, because sometimes we have tried to press matters a little. Now and then we have indulged ourselves to the extent of turning out some fine pieces of one design or another, a little in advance of public appreciation, but there has never been any considerable sale for such things." He indicated a fine Jacobean library table of oak. "Take that piece for instance. We made some furniture like that twenty or twenty-five years ago, but could sell very little of it. People weren't ready for it then. Or this Adam set—as recently as five years ago we couldn't have hoped for anything more than a few nibbles on that kind of thing, but there's a big market for it now."

I asked Mr. Gay if he had any theories as to what had caused the development in popular appreciation.

Two Furniture Shows a Year

"It is a great big subject," he said. "I think the magazines have done some of it. There have been quantities of publications on house furnishing. And the manufacturers' catalogues have helped, too. And as wealth and leisure have

increased, people have had more time to give to the study of such things."

On the train going to Chicago I fell into conversation with a man whom I presently discerned to be a furniture manufacturer. I don't know who he was, but he told me about the furniture exposition which is held in Grand Rapids in January and July each year. There are large buildings with many acres of floor space which stand idle and empty all the year around, excepting at the time of these great shows. Last year more than two hundred and fifty separate manufacturers had exhibitions, a large number of them being manufacturers whose plants were not located in Grand Rapids, but who nevertheless found it profitable to ship samples there and rent space in the exhibition buildings in order to place their wares before the buyers who gather there from all over the country. As my informant seemed to know a great deal about furniture matters in general, I became curious as to who he might be. So I began to insert some leading questions.

"Do you live in Grand Rapids?" I inquired. "Oh, yes."—"I understood you to say you had a factory?"—"Yes."—"How many men are working in your factory?" The man gave a sigh before he answered. Then: "Oh, about two-thirds of them," he said.

"CHICAGO," the next adventure of Mr. Street, is to appear in the issue of August 1

Oh, tat limb! Tat Shett poy! Mister Mullen, I know nutting abowd this gate. Tose poy vill trive me grazy!" He threw out his hands despairingly. Then, as Mullen picked up his club and helmet, Liberman began to gesticulate passionately, and, in a voice fluctuating with seething indignation, followed the good old advice of "Go tell your troubles to a policeman."

AS he began the relation of his evening's tribulations, those snowball bushes were giving friendly aid to the two boys. They had been hilariously riding that gate at a frenzied gallop down a broad course of fun, but at the words, "Mister Mullen," it had bucked straight up into the air, like a locoed broncho, and they now felt as if they had just landed in another county. And they didn't know what county it was either or how to get out.

"And I vill haf 'im arressted t'morrow," Liberman concluded. "Mister Mullen, I vill haf 'im arressted t'morrow mitoud val! I vill stob tese tigrateful broceedings in t' only way. I vill brose-cute 'im to ter vullest extend of ter law!"

"Come on up to the corner where it's light," said Mullen; "we can go over this matter better there." Mullen handed over the keys and they talked in low tones for some time. Then the boys heard Liberman say: "All righd! Good nighd!" and he started for home. Mullen crossed the avenue, and the boys soon saw him standing against the light that streamed through the screen doors of the Shedd home. Dudley's father responded to the bell, and the policeman walked in. Their cruel disappearance, with its withering devastating suggestions, gave to the inside of Dudley's head the sensation of an oozing away. And this oozing seemed to be trickling down within him with a cold-hot feeling like peppermint without any taste. He stood in silence and blankly stared at the unobstructed doors, and Pete stood in silence and did the same thing. Minutes moved by with the speed and dignity of hours. Pete heaved a great sigh.

"Say, Dud," he said in a low voice like an undertaker's at a funeral, "what you goin' to do?" Dudley maintained his stare and paid no heed to the question. Another minute dragged away.

"Gosh," said Pete with a long sigh of relief, "I'm glad I didn't lock that door! Jimminy, Dud, I bet you wisht you didn't!" Dudley made no answer, and another minute crawled into the past.

"Say, Dud"—this came out like a sudden idea—"wonder what time they'll 'rest you t'morrow?" Then, after a moment: "Wisht I knowed when, I'd come down and see you get 'rested." Dudley said nothing.

Pete was now fidgeting. He was trying to comfort Dudley and sympathize with

The Boy's Politics

(Continued from page 15)

him and cheer him up, and Dudley's unexpected taciturnity made him uneasy. "Say, Dud, I guess your pa'll bail you out, though; what do you think, huh?" No reply.

"I bet mine would 'f I got 'rested—but I 'spect there's lots of pa's that wouldn't—"

"Gosh! Say, Dud, I bet that cop in your house is mad as blazes about fallin'. I bet he's got your pa good and mad by this time; what do you think, huh?" Silence still. Pete was embarrassed.

"Say, Dud, wonder if your dad'll lick you t'night or wait till t'morrow morning; what do you think, huh?" "A-a-ah, shut your mouth, will you?" suddenly and loudly snarled Dudley. And, although under other circumstances this retort would have led to something, they now resumed their staring in silence. At last the policeman and Mr. Shedd came to the door. "Good nights" were



"Is your father going, Dudley?" asked the Mayor, with something like a brighter light in his face

exchanged, and Mullen, smoking a cigar, came away and walked down the other side of the avenue. When Dudley's mother came out on the veranda and called him, he cried back a tremulous "All right," and, walking as if finishing an all-day tramp, proceeded slowly and wearily across the street.

"Say, Dud," was Pete's low and anxious call from the bushes, "don't you give me away, will you? I'll come down and see you after you get locked up, if you don't."

Dudley's feet grew gradually heavier and his pace slackened as he drew near

the veranda where his mother awaited him. He paused at the steps, and, looking up with a face that was greenish white around the mouth, said in feeble accents: "Where's pa?"

"He's gone to bed," replied his mother in a low, sad voice. "Come in."

"Gone to bed?" This was the last feather. If he had been ordered to go at once to his father in the library or dining room, there would have been hope of escaping the vengeance of the law by a barrel-stave engagement and the purchase thereby of his father's protection. Had the policeman's tale of grievance and the coming arrest made his father sick? Had he gone to bed, heartbroken, or had he ruthlessly deserted and disowned him, and in contemptuous disgust retired for the night to avoid his presence?

LIMP and dazed, he mounted the steps and followed his mother into the hall. "Are you hungry?" she quietly asked, eying him in critical charity.

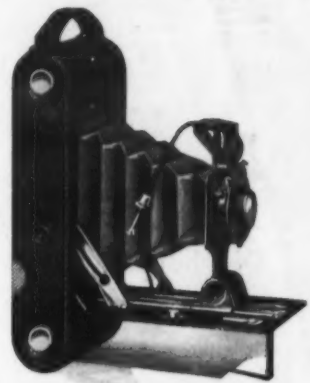
That was just the way, he thought, she spoke to tramps and looked at them when they applied at the house for something to eat. His throat commenced to swell and ache. "I'm not hungry, ma," he wailed.

"Go right up to bed, then, Dudley," she said, and turned and passed into the sitting room. With his throat almost bursting, with his eyes blinking, and his lips trembling, Dudley ascended the stairs.

Between six and seven o'clock the next morning the sun was shining brightly into the cozy room at the back of the house where Dudley lay sleeping. He opened his eyes, stretched himself, and looked vacantly for a moment as people do on first awaking. Then he kicked the covering away, sprang out of bed, and stood pawing his hair. His face shone with the animal delight in living.

"Gee, t'day's Friday," he said aloud to himself. "Got to go after grub-worms t'day and get a slather uv'm, too, fur if it's like this t'morrow the fishin' 'll be out uv sight. My, I'm hungry! I'll get ma to put up a bustin' big lunch, and if pa goes 'long we'll have a—O Lord a Moses!" he groaned, and, tossing himself face downward upon the bed, flung his arms around the pillows and lay motionless and mute. The happenings and anguish of the night, in sudden and tumultuous stampede, had swept across his memory. After a bit he sat up on the edge of the bed.

"Wonder if ma don't like me much no more," he soliloquized. "I didn't do nuthin' to her. I've done lots worse things than lock a janitor in and she didn't act like las' night. She never acted like that before. Always talked and scolded—a person ud think she wuz 'is mother 'stead of mine. Wonder if pa's up—s'pose so. Wonder what he's goin' to do?"



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Wonder if they feel as tough 'bout me as 'as' night? Bet if I had a kid there wouldn't no old janitor 'rest him. Y'ud think pa never did nuthin', the way he acts, and he stole a horse onct when he wuz a kid like me, too—if he 'ud been out West he'd uv got hung. Wisht some un ud tell him 'bout it. If I did, he'd lick me. Wisht I could eat my breakfast alone. Look at the pull pa has with the Mayor, too; he could stop my gettin' 'rested if he wanted to. Gosh!"

DUDLEY ceased complaining with this exclamation and thoughtfully began scratching his back. He had just discovered a nebulous idea and was thinking. Having scratched his way into some conclusion, he washed and dressed, stole downstairs and out into the back yard.

About seven o'clock Dudley's mother entered his room to call him. "The poor, dear boy couldn't sleep," she thought, looking at the tumbled-up bed. She returned to her bedroom where her husband was dressing.

"How does the young scamp act this morning?" he asked.

"He isn't in his room, and the bed looks as if a whirlwind had struck it," she replied. "I knew he couldn't sleep. I wonder if he heard Mr. Liberman swear to arrest him?"

"Haven't the slightest doubt of it—glad he did," he said as he tugged at his tie. "Don't suppose a boy would set a cenfab like that going and not be where he could hear it all? I'm glad of it. Whipping doesn't seem to do any good and we'll see what scaring him half to death will do."

"Well," she answered, "there's no doubt but that he saw Mullen come here and that he is frightened half to death. It almost made me cry to send him to bed the way I did."

"Mustn't be so soft-hearted in the training of boys, Mary. Glad he went up to bed like a lost soul. But I'm glad Mullen remembered all my kindness to him and argued that wire-strung lunatic out of the idea of arresting Dudley—I'd have made him sweat blood if he had gone that far!" he growled with a fierce flash in his eyes.

At breakfast Dudley felt like a stranger—some hungry, homeless orphan who had been invited to come in and eat breakfast with the charitable family of the house.

The pleasant, rambling conversation which usually enlivened meals was forebodingly absent, and Dudley ate his breakfast hastily without raising his eyes from his plate.

A short time later, on another street a few blocks away, Dudley lagged along in front of a modest house that stood back in a large yard. The Mayor lived in that house. The Mayor and Dudley's father were close friends and, with their wives, belonged to the same clannish little pedro club; and the Mayor issued warrants. It was a nebulous idea that brought Dudley into this locality, and that idea had whirled off from the word "pull" in his soliloquy.

HE loitered back and forth for several minutes, and looked over house and premises with the close interest of an intending purchaser. A boy about his own age, whittling at a stick, came out of the distant barn and Dudley whistled. The boy trotted out to the street.

"Hello, Dud," said the boy as he brought up on the sidewalk and resumed his whittling. "where you been?" "Oh, nowhere," said Dudley. "What you makin'?"

"Makin' a bowie knife. The kids is goin' to play Indian t'morrow—didn't you know it?"

"Course, but I ain't. I'm goin' fishin'. Fishin' 's out uv sight. Gee!" bursting into enthusiasm, "you ought uv seen the string uv shiners and chubs and sunfish Noodle Perkins caught yesterday in no time, and he wuz only below the dam. We're goin' at 'bout daylight and drive clean up to Fuller's and stay till dark where there's riffles and rocks and black bass and rock bass and perch—Gee! I bet we have a dandy ol' time—broil beef-steak and make coffee and have a big lunch—Gee!"

"Gee!" said the boy, forgetting to whistle, "wisht I wuz goin' long; bet we'd have an out uv sight time. Who's goin'?"

"Just me and pa. Pete wuz goin' to go, but he and I's mad and he ain't goin'. We're goin' in the surrey. Want to go 'long?"

"Goshyneds, guess I do. Wonder if

pa'll let me? Come on, let's go back and see. He's in the barn. You ask 'im."

"Naw, you'd better ask 'im."

AWAY they jogged back to the barn and found the Mayor in old clothes, currying his horse. He was a tall, thin man with the shrewd, pleasant politician's face.

"Hello, Dudley," said the Mayor, knocking the currycomb against the stall. "Say, pa," broke forth his son in high animation, "can I go fishin' up to Fuller's t'morrow with Dud? Oh, the fishin' is out uv sight, and you ought to see the fish they're ketchin' here in town, and hardly nobody fishes up there. Can I go, huh? Dudley and his pa are goin' to drive up 'bout five o'clock in their surrey and stay till dark, and are goin' to take a dandy big lunch and cook steak and coffee and have a dandy time, and they want me to go along. Can I go, huh?"

"Is your father going, Dudley?" asked the Mayor with something like a brighter light in his face.

"Yes, sir," piped up Dudley eagerly, not waiting for the Mayor to finish, "and he wants to know if you can't get off and go, too. He says you like fishin' awful and he wants you to go awful bad, because he sez you'll have a bully time, and he and you haven't been out fishin' since you went to Mich'gan and had all the fun he talks 'bout. Can't you go, Mr. Moore? He wants you to go the worst kind uv a way; yes, sir."

"Why," began the Mayor as he knocked the currycomb, "to-morrow is usually a very busy day at the office—very busy—but I certainly should enjoy a day's fishing; I certainly should. Is your father going without fail, Dudley?"

"Yes, sir; you bet he is! He's excited over goin'. He's goin' unless it rains pitchforks. Me and him and ma drove up the other evenin' before dark past Fuller's, and you ought to see the bass jumpin'. One big one went kerklop up into the air that pa said he bet weighed five or six pound's. Oh, pa's excited. And you can get soft-shell crabs and minnies and helgamites and frogs and all kind uv bait there in no time at all jus' like nuthin'."

"By George! I should like to go," interrupted the Mayor, the great, burdensome cloak of manhood rapidly slipping from his shoulders and revealing the boy underneath. "I certainly need a day's outing. I haven't had one for a long while, and I haven't been after bass in two years—ha, hum—Dudley, you tell your father I'll go—delighted to go—tell him I'll be over to see him to-day to make arrangements. And, Dudley"—the Mayor's enthusiasm was now taking the bit between its teeth—"ask your father what's the matter with taking your mother along and having a regular picnic?"

DUDLEY'S heart flopped about like a live fish in the grass as he stood on the veranda steps of his home and dug at the corners of his mouth for inspiration. He didn't know how to break this news about to-morrow. And while he stood there his father, smoking a cigar, opened the screen doors and, without any especial notice of his son, started down the steps on his way to town. Dudley's hair almost stood on end and desperation inspired him.

"Say, pa," he blurted out in a would-be matter-of-fact voice, "can I drive up to Berger's woods this afternoon and get a lot uv grubs for t'morrow? The fishin' is goin' to be out uv sight and we want to start early."

Mr. Shedd took his cigar from his mouth and opened wide his eyes at him.

"Fishing? Fishing?" he said in assumed amazement. "Have you lost your mind? I'm afraid, young man, you won't feel much like fishing by to-morrow or be able to go if you do. I'm afraid, young man, you will be up before the Mayor by this time to-morrow. And, as for digging grubs this afternoon, I'm very much alarmed, Dudley, for fear it will be beyond my power to let you do anything whatever."

THIS speech was slowly delivered with impressive solemnity, darkened by subdued grief. But it did not shake the clutching determination with which Dudley's eyes were searching his father's face. "But say, pa," he faltered, "Mr. Moore, he's—"

"Certainly! Yes!" broke in his father austere. "Mr. Moore's the Mayor and my friend. What has that got to do with helping you?"

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Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

*Says His Goods Prove Contentions.

By W. J. LEONARD
Vice Pres. and Treas., Burnham & Morrill Co.

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*Printers' Ink.

"Mr. Moore," continued Dudley, "he's—he's crazy to go fishin' too, and he's goin' along and wants you to be sure and go and ma."

MR. SHEDD jerked his cigar down from his mouth, where he was in the act of replacing it, and looked at Dudley with amazement that was not assumed this time.

"What are you talking about, anyway?" he demanded, eying him like a hawk.

"Why, Pete wuz goin' with us, you know," began Dudley, his face flushed with the strain of the crisis at hand; "but Pete, I'm mad at 'im, and he ain't goin', so I've jus' been down to Mr. Moore's to see Rodger 'bout goin' 'long—say, pa, Rodger's a nice fella, don't you think?—and we went and asked 'is pa—his pa sez he can go—and I told 'is pa you'd like to have 'im go 'long the worst kind uv way, too—'cause I knowed you would—and 'is pa said he ud jus' like to go the worst kind uv a way, too—and so we all got to talkin', and 'is pa got way up in the air 'bout goin' 'long and wants to take ma and Rodger's ma and start 'bout five and stay till night and have a reg'lar picnic—"

During this flood of information the outcrooked arm which held Mr. Shedd's cigar gradually sagged down until it hung limp beside him. His face was a study of stupefaction.

He began to work his chin up and down as was his wont before speaking when greatly puzzled or surprised, and Dudley, seeing the sign, sailed in again upon his glittering prospectus. He must gag him until all its fascinating inducements were displayed.

"And he's comin' over to-day to see you and fix all up about goin', and he sez he'll get a pile uv sirloin and we'll run sticks through and broil it over the camp fire fur dinner—and he's got a big coffeepot what he'll make a pile uv coffee in that's better than any you get in town, he sez—"

DUDLEY stopped to breathe and take weather signs. The study in stupefaction was being retouched. The chin was working again.

"And he sez he's goin' to wear old pants and old shoes and socks, so's he

can wade all over and get at them bass what I told 'im about we saw floppin' the other night. He's goin' to have Rodger's ma see ma, and he sez it makes 'im hungry as a bear now to think about the eatin' t'morrow, and he sez our ma's 'll haf to jus' work like niggers gettin' up the lunch, and he's goin' to buy a net so's we can get a lot uv min—"

"Hold up, young man. Look a-here!" roared Mr. Shedd, like a man "whoaling" at a runaway. "Do you mean to say you've had the impudence to—"

In spurred Dudley and rode right over him: "And he sez he's goin' to bet you a box uv cigars that he'll catch more pounds uv fish'n you could, and I told 'im you'd take 'im up, 'cause you were a crackajack at bass fishin', and he said that wuz no joke. Say, pa, your goin' to go, ain't you, huh? Think 'ow awful he'll feel if you don't, and you ain't been well lately, and there's nuthin' like livin' outdoors, is there, when you ain't well? You're goin' to go, ain't you, pa, huh, huh?"

"But, great guns, young man, hold up here!" almost shouted Mr. Shedd. "You seem to forget that Liberman is going to have you arrested to-day. What about that? Does that look like going fishing to-morrow, hey?"

"Why, pa," queried Dudley in sober, wide-eyed surprise, "don't you have to go to the Mayor to have folks 'rested?"

"Yes, sir, you do, as a rule."

"But you don't s'pose, do you, pa," continued Dudley, illuminated by the rays of what he believed his clincher, "that the Mayor ud let me be 'rested now and spoil all our fun t'morrow? Do you, huh?"

FOOTSTEPS coming up the walk caused father and son to dart a glance that way. It was the Mayor, striding toward them with elastic steps and beaming face.

"Hello, Moore," cried Mr. Shedd heartily; "come to bet that box of cigars, eh?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I have," returned the Mayor in jolly voice.

"Well, I'll bet you another box this kid of mine's going to be as slick a politician as you are yourself, but I won't tell how he's put one over on you till we're safe up the river to-morrow."

First Love

(Continued from page 14)

you on any conditions I can get you. I leave you, but all the time I am gone I shall be praying that you will not change your mind. I ask only that."

Her lids swept open suddenly, and her eyes, meeting his own, were the eyes of a woman, and behind their blueness the kindling flame was burning.

He left her there beside the fountain. When he came back she had risen and one glove was carried in her bared hand. "I have thrown his ring into the pool," she said calmly — too calmly.

"Lucy, are you sure you want me?" he said. The strain of emotions repressed struggled under the wistfulness of his tone. "Yes," she said. "You are generous, but I make no promises. I ask none."

In the earliest twilight they two again entered the room where but a few hours before Lucy had sat sewing her wedding gown. A gush of warm air heavy with the sweet breath of hyacinths rushed out at the lifting of the curtains, and between the logs a bright fire glowed.

"How sweet it is in here!" Darrell said. "Lucy, the room looks like you."

She smiled at him a little warily. Her face had a sort of pale brightness, and her voice the veriest hint of strain.



The tears no longer veiled the tenderness of her eyes

little cry, turned her face to the wall and lay there quite still.

"Wait downstairs for me," Lucy said, turning to her husband.

WHEN she came to him, perhaps ten minutes later, she carried a small traveling bag in her hand; she had not removed her coat nor hood.

"I think I am quite ready," she said.

"Ready?" He put it blankly—to say the least.

"To go home."

He recovered himself quickly, if somewhat confusedly. "Of course, Lucy, I

"We must go tell Emmy," she said.

"The sooner the better," he rejoined.

Together they climbed the stair. Emmy, pretty but faded from long ill health, lay on the couch, her arms above her head.

"Home at last, Lucy?" she said plaintively. "Hello, Jim."

"It is not Jim Maxwell. It is Philip Darrell. He and I were married in Hollow Dawns this afternoon."

Emmy sat up slowly. "Married! To Philip Darrell! Lucy!"

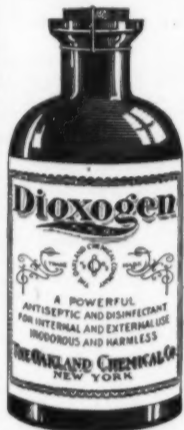
"I do not wonder you are surprised," Darrell said gently. "I hope some day you may forgive me—us. I cannot ask it now." Emmy fell back with a

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am very stupid. I seem to think of you always as here in this room."

"I have done with this room." Her voice had a high, inflexible note. Her gaze seemed to fall suddenly upon the shimmering satin lying across the chair. With a swift and passionate gesture she stooped and gathered it into her arms, crumpling it into a gleaming mass. Upon the crimson and orange fire bed she thrust it, and the quivering heat began to curl and lick and leap upon the glimmering, exquisite folds. Up the chimney the shreds of it rolled in spark and red gold flame and blackening flake. Lucy stood looking down at the hearth until only gray ash was left of her wedding gown. She turned then to him with that soft, little, unreadable smile. "Let us go," she said.

And at her bidding he came and took her hand and led her from the door out through the windy night, to the roof that henceforward was to be her own and his together. But there was mutiny in his heart; it cried to go back for an hour with her to that sweet room; it cried to forget by what dark road she had come to him. If there could have been some such hour, some little space of time—some caress upon whose memory the heart could feed down the years they would live together, the shadow between!

At least there in the starlit darkness she sat beside him, not shrinking from him, as the car whirled them on toward home. And he felt suddenly the conviction she would not shrink even if his lips against her own burned a red-hot wound across her soul.

THE year was old. In the frozen fields Darrell, tramping after quail, set down his gun to chafe his numbed and reddened fingers. He whistled his dog to heel, and, crossing the branch, climbed to the top of the staked and ridged fence and sat there, a tall, still figure in his brown hunting clothes. Under the December sky the wild geese were flying southward; Darrell watched, idly, their persistent triangle cross the sky. The air prophesied snow; a west wind whipped the dry ragweed, and the clinging dampness made even more bitter the ever-increasing cold.

After a while Darrell pulled his cap closer over his ears and took up the homeward path through the stubble.

Entering the house he went upstairs to his own room slowly, fagged, soul and body. He knew Lucy was in the room below, sitting in her serene sweetness that no mood of his ever ruffled or disturbed. He had often, watching her with brooding and hungry eyes, wondered what lay under the stillness of her face and lips. He had never seen her off guard; always her foil struck sharply any attack of his; parried it, no matter how subtly, how skillfully he fenced with her.

WHEN he pushed the curtains of the living room apart, he saw her sitting on the low couch, her hands locked behind her head; she was staring at the wall. She turned her gaze slowly upon her husband. "What luck?" she said.

"None. Not a quail. They've gone to covert. After the snow it will be better shooting. Plenty of rabbits, but I had Leo out and I don't want to spoil him for

hunting quail." He drew his chair to the table. His books, his papers, his pipe were all arranged for him, and beside them the vase Lucy kept filled with fresh flowers.

HIS involuntary groan startled his own ears; it was the first betrayal he had ever made of an inward disquiet he had set himself to conceal. At least in his weary introspection his guard had given way, and that faint sound focused a storm long brooding. "Philip," she said, "you did not deserve that evil star that shone at your birth—that at last set me between you and all possible happiness."

"Set you, Lucy? Your unhappiness—that is what poisons me. When you set me as a shield—"

"A shield! You think I was using you in mere cold blood! It was cruel to accept so much—but—oh, I must tell you. The truth is tetter than this tangle. You did not love me; you were generous, you were lonely; but nothing was clear to me that day. It was my hour of need, but most—Do you remember how I used to bow to you, to smile at you? You were mysterious, under a ban—for me that made you a hero. You cast a spell on me. My selfishness was no cold calculation. Philip, any day of my girlhood that you had come to me and held out your arms I would have gone straight into them and followed you unto the ends of the earth!"

SHE wrenched her hands from his, and, eluding him, stood tall and white before him, wild color on her lips and cheeks, her eyes reckless and beautiful.

"I am glad the truth must out. I am tired of masks; so are you. I challenge you to be honest as I am honest. Because I had no hope of you I meant to marry Jim Maxwell. I thought he loved me and I hoped I might forget you!"

Looking at him from over her shoulder, her gesture, the despair of it, was an incredible revelation of the folly of their long misunderstanding; swiftly as a miracle it dissolved at last. "Lucy!" he cried, but the curtains had fallen between them. Ecstasy began to stir, to rise, to beat in his breast. The stairway was unlighted; passing the turn of its steps, he felt rather than saw the presence of her, crouching and huddled there, sobbing and spent. He lifted her into his arms and, with the brief word "Come," drew her on up into the corridor above. Here the lamp, swinging from the ceiling, shed a yellow twilight over the long length of walls.

"Lucy," he said, "do you recall how I first told you I loved you? God knows His own truth was in my mouth then if never before. But you, you told me you would come to me asking and giving no promises. Child, I did not want you to repent that; still you came! The world's wonder was that I had you on any terms. There must be, I thought, something better in me than I myself knew. But now—Lucy, take me, make me new, make me in the least measure fit for you."

HE took her face between his palms and kissed her lips. Then gathered her up against his heart. Their pulses began to beat in intimate rhythm; and the tears no longer veiled the tenderness of her eyes.

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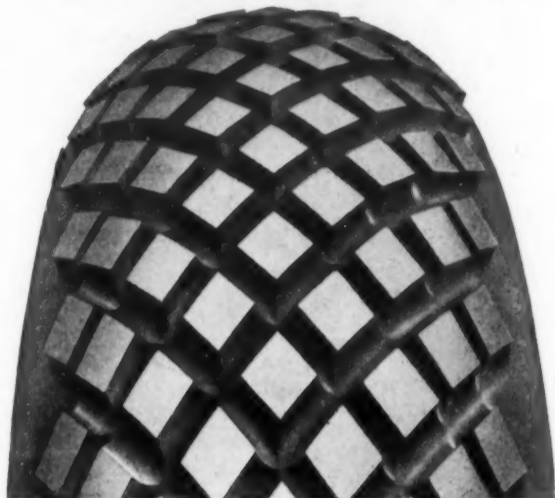
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Syracuse, N. Y., July 15, 1913.

Gentlemen: In view of the splendid victory won by the Syracuse University Eight-oared Crew in the Intercollegiate Regatta at Poughkeepsie a few weeks ago, I have thought you might be interested to learn of the prominent part Shredded Wheat played in their training for that race.

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Rowing Coach of Syracuse University Rowing Crew.

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